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FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY.....MARCH 11, 1886.

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Threads of Gold.

"Angels may come to gather them all—life's broken threads of gold."

Weaving them into a work-day life,
Beautiful threads of gold!
A thread of joy with a strand of strife,
And yet the hands that hold
May fashion them out into patterns rare,
Designs of beauty, new and fair,
Till the Master weaver finds them there
In beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a patient hand,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Filling them in as the Artist planned
When he laid life's sombre fold;
Weaving them in with the homeliest cares,
Over some burden another bears,
Glad that the Master-weaver spares
Some beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with the hopes and fears,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Brighter the gold of the thread appears,
As the web of life grows old.
Weaving them in with a smile and a song,
Wonderful threads, so fine and strong,
Under the good and over the wrong—
Beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a watchful eye,
Beautiful threads of gold!
To shine across where the shadows lie,
When the web is all unrolled.
Weaving them in when the Master's call
Lets the threads break and the shuttle fall,
And the angels come down to gather them all—
Life's broken threads of gold!

The Fishermen of Gloucester.

Thirty-four fishers of Gloucester town
Last year in the angry seas went down;
We read of them lost, in a line or so,
Nor stop to think of the widow's woe,
Nor the orphan's sigh
For the brave who die
Afar at sea when the storm is high.

Thirty-four gallants of Gloucester town,
Hard-working fellows, of no renown;
But widows ten and orphans a score
Watch and wait for the thirty-four;
And mothers weep
O'er babes that sleep
To the doleful dirge of the cradled deep.

Roll, billows, roll, with roar and frown
Over the fishers of Gloucester town!
Others will seek you as ye foam and fret—
The orphan mendeth his father's net,
And he looks afar,
O'er the angry bar,
Where the glossy backs of the dolphins are.
—*T. C Harbaugh in Youths' Companion.*

Whispers of Hope.

No melody so pure as that which soars
Above some wild, discordant minor strain;
No peace so deep as weft from tangled strands
Of life, upon the dark background of pain;
No restfulness so sweet as that which fills
The soul, when rising from its joy, forgiven;
No life so luminous with holy joy
As one whose ills are only helps to heaven.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Different Themes from Different Fields.

Strikes are worrying the New York and the Brooklyn street-car lines.

Last Thursday Mrs. Joseph Miller was burned to death in Raleigh, N. C.

The British government has telegraphed instructions to Lord Dufferin to definitely annex Burmah.

The French Chamber of Deputies has rejected the measure for the expulsion of the Orleans Princes from France.

In the Senate an amendment to the Educational Bill has been adopted, appropriating $2,000,000 for school-houses.

Fully 800 men were at work in the McCormick Reaper Works at Chicago on the 3rd inst., and the strike is virtually ended.

At Gloucester, Mass., the fishing schooner *Virginia Dare*, with a crew consisting of fourteen men, has been given up for lost.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives has been hearing arguments on the tariff on leaf tobacco.

Last Thursday, the 4th inst., the pallium was conferred upon Archbishop Corrigan, of the See of New York, in New York Cathedral.

Hon. R. T. Bennett, of North Carolina, cast the only dissenting vote in the House of Representatives on the Pension Appropriation Bill.

The jury which tried Holland, the Texan, last week, for killing Davis in New York City a few months ago, returned a verdict of not guilty.

The French and Belgian commissions have met at Congo for the purpose of debating the boundary line between the State of Congo and the territory of France.

The District of Columbia Appropriation bill, passed on the 4th inst., calls for $3,432,875, being about $220,000 less than the estimates, and $20,000 less than last year's appropriation.

At Springfield, O., the excitement on the labor question is still intense. The proprietors of the Reaper Works claim that but 400 men are out, but the men themselves claim that 800 are out.

New York advices of last Friday report a gain of 18 points on cotton futures, closing with a final decline of 10 points under the price at starting; business is very large, and shows much excitement and perplexity.

Chinese who have been driven out of Oregon and Washington Territory are moving eastward; large numbers from California passed through El Paso last week, on their way to New Orleans and the cities of Texas.

Some time ago J. C. Wilson was lynched in Patrick county, Va., for stealing a mule, and at the last term of the court of that county all the parties concerned were indicted for the crime—the first instance within recollection of a lynching party being formally presented by a grand jury for murder.

The business failures occurring throughout the week ended the 5th inst., as reported to R. G. Dun & Co's. agency, number 207 for the United States and 39 for Canada—a total of 246, against 248 the week before. The trouble seems to be increasing in Canada, while in the United States the casualties are about up to the average.

On Tuesday of last week a most brutal murder was committed near Marion, N. C., three men—a man and his two sons, named Bird—waylaying D. C. Bright, a neighbor and prominent citizen, and beating him to death with clubs. The horrible deed was incited by a previous dispute about the right of way over a piece of land.

A WAR STORY.

THE SHREWD RUSE OF A PRISONER.

How a Clever "Dummy" Puzzled his Captors and Saved his Life.

Ex-Rebel in the Detroit Free Press.

When General Early made his great raid on Washington I was scouting between his advance and the city, and was captured within the city limits twenty-four hours before his battle flags appeared in sight. I was dressed in citizen's clothes, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and claimed to have been driven out of Richmond because I had written threatening letters to Jefferson Davis.

I had been inside the fortifications for half a day, and was slowly working out, when a couple of young men, both of whom were considerably the worse for liquor, halted me and wanted to fight. I had a pencil and a block of paper with me, and I wrote:

"I am deaf and dumb."

That made no difference with them. Indeed, they declared that it would be a novel idea to lick a deaf and dumb man, and one of them gave me a cuff on the ear.

In those days I weighed 160 pounds and had the muscle of a prize fighter. I tried to get away from them without further trouble, but when they seemed determined to have a row I gave them all they wanted, and wasn't many minutes about it. A crowd of soldiers and civilians collected, the provost guard came up, and the result was as I had anticipated. I was arrested and carried off to a guard house. One of the young men, who afterward turned out to be related to a member of the cabinet, followed me to the provost marshal and charged me with being a spy. No one seemed to entertain a doubt that I was deaf and dumb, as I claimed, and my examination was carried on in writing. I was asked my name, age, where born and a thousand other questions, and then searched. They found nothing on me of a criminating nature, and I reasoned that I would be detained until after the excitement had passed and then turned loose.

After being detained three days an officer entered my quarters one morning and said to me:

"Well, dummy, you can pack up and get out."

The minute I heard his step outside I was on my guard, but he spoke in such a natural tone that I came near giving myself away. On three different occasions during the war I played the part of a deaf and dumb man, and I tell you it takes all the nerve and presence of mind a man can call up. I sat facing the door, and, while I heard his words, I made no movement. He came closer to me and said:

"Come, pack up your traps; you are to be turned loose."

I looked him straight in the eye without winking, and after a bit a look of chagrin stole over his face and he motioned for me to follow him. He took me to the provost marshal's office, and I was ushered into a private room where the marshal and three or four other officers were seated. On the way to the office, as we crossed a wide street, the officer suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a runaway horse—look out!"

If I hadn't been expecting some such thing on his part I must have betrayed myself. As I gave no sign, continuing on with my head down, I heard him growling:

"They think they've got a sucker, but they'll find out their mistake!"

I entered the office, knowing that every trick would be resorted to to break me down, and my nerves were braced as if to charge a battery of artillery. I was left standing by the door for a moment when one of the officials looked up and quietly said:

"Take a seat, sir, and we'll attend to you in a moment."

I made no move, but looked around the room in a stupid sort of a way. I was looking out of the window on the roof when the same official said:

"You may come forward and take this chair."

I stood like a stone, and he rose up, came over to me and led me to a chair at the table. When I was seated one of the others remarked:

"Write your name, age and last place of residence on a slip of paper."

That was trick number three, and failed as the others had done. By and by the marshal wrote on a slip of paper:

"Who are you and where from?"

I wrote in reply:

"I am Charles Jones, of Richmond."

"But you are a Union man?" suggested one of the officers aloud.

I saw his lips move, but he got no sign from me. The examination continued in this manner for a full hour, the men using every artifice to trap me, but they failed to score a single point. I knew they would reserve the sharpest trick to the last, and was therefore nerved up for it. At length the marshal pushed back in his chair, pointed his finger at my breast and angrily exclaimed:

"Where did that Confederate button come from?"

It was another failure. Then he turned to his companions and said:

"Gentlemen, it's no use. The man is certainly deaf and dumb, and a d—n fool besides!"

"We have wasted our time," replied a second. "He is not only what he claims to be, but may be of great service to us. I'd have the officer take him over to the Secretary of War."

"I guess I will," said the officer, and he rang a bell and I heard the door open. Then he turned to me, careless as you please, and said:

"Go with the officer!"

It was their last shot. I never moved a muscle until the officer approached and placed his hand on me. I was taken back to the guard-house, kept a prisoner for another week, and then the disgusted marshal turned me loose on the streets.

A Practical Test.

Not long ago a ranting Chicago communist gathered a crowd and entertained them with his diatribes on the inequalities of riches and poverty. He was in the midst of his fiery declarations that the capital of the rich belonged to the laboring classes, when a clear voice arose from the crowd: "You've got a gold watch and I haven't any. I want yours." The speaker was nonplussed. Recovering himself, however, he said: "I bought this watch and paid for it." "Don't make any difference," persisted the voice, "you've got a gold watch, and I haven't—I want it!" The talker was checkmated.

THE BACHELOR PRESIDENT.

Cleveland Said to Believe that he is Destined Never to Marry.

Washington Letter to Pittsburg Leader.

"President Cleveland will never be a married man—mark that," said a Buffalonian to your correspondent to-day. "Why?" "Well, I will tell you. He is a social philosopher, or, in other words, he philosophizes on social matters. I had a long talk with him about 'household affairs' the other evening, and I tell you he has a bushel of sense about them—all practical, too. But he won't marry. He believes certain persons were born to fill certain positions. He believes in foreordination—at least so far as being at the head of a family is concerned."

"Does Mr. Cleveland believe he was born to be a bachelor?"

"Precisely. He said it was all very well for other people to get married and raise families and all that, but as for Grover Cleveland, the idea was so foreign to his tastes that he long ago concluded to remain a single man. The more he saw and heard and the more he thought of it the more he was convinced of the truth of the adage that 'our first thoughts are our best thoughts.' He has mapped out in his mind an ideal bachelor, maiden, wife, husband, and has his distinct ideas about how they should live. My! what a pious old husband he would make if he would live up to his creed."

"Then he thinks there is reform in being a husband?"

"Yes; he believes that the domesticity of a home is a part of a man's religion—that there is something even more sacred in the world than the church vow, because in the former you link the life of one with your own, while in the latter you stand alone. Mr. Cleveland and his sister both believe they must remain single, but in this matter I think the latter may be a little selfish. There is nothing selfish about him. He is very companionable and he is generous. He has a system for everything, even to his generosity, and I guess he must be systematic in his way of concluding that he should be a bachelor."

"Isn't he getting tired of life at the White House?" I inquired.

"Mr. Cleveland wouldn't get tired anywhere. He has the happiest way of adjusting himself to the circumstances and making himself comfortable and satisfied of any man I ever saw. I have gone fishing with him up North. Now, people may talk as much as they please, but the man who can trudge along a river bank all day without catching fish and never swear nor get drunk is a good one. I remember once to have walked fully ten miles with him fishing, and along in the afternoon, when we began to get tired and had caught nothing, Mr. Cleveland drolled out in a way that made me roar with laughter: 'Oh, let's sit down in the shade and have a little game and give the fish a rest. It's evident the suckers are all away from home to-day!'"

"The President bears up under his burdens, does he not?"

"He tells me he has gained several pounds on account of sitting so quietly at his desk. I suppose the thing he misses most is the exercise he was used to even after he became Governor. He was fond of putting his arm in that of a friend, after his six o'clock dinner, and wandering away out on the unfrequented streets, and talking and staying out till late. As I sat with him in the White House the other evening, where it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop, he exclaimed: 'It would seem like Sunday every day if 'twere not for the office-seekers.' I remarked that I supposed the men who came to see about offices were therefore a godsend, when he said: 'I think I prefer it to be Sunday.'"

David Crockett.

Ben Perley Poore in the Sunny South.

David Crockett was the roughest diamond that ever sparkled in the House of Representatives. Reared in the cabin of his father, a Revolutionary soldier, who was a pioneer settler in Tennessee, he became noted as a marksman, a bear hunter and an Indian fighter. In due time he was sent to the legislature, and in 1827 he went to Congress. Wearing a homespun suit, with a waistcoat made from the skin of a panther which he had shot, he attracted some attention, and the most absurd stories were told of his prowess. He told some good stories, but the greater part of his remarks were coarse and vulgar. It so happened, however, that he became arrayed against Gen. Jackson on an Indian bill, and when the President sent a friend to him to tell him that he must support the bill if he desired reelection, he replied: "I believe the measure is unjust and wicked, and I shall fight it, let the consequences be what they may. I am willing to go with Gen. Jackson in everything I believe right and honest, but beyond that I won't go for any man in creation. I would sooner be honest and politically damned than hypocritically immortalized." The Whigs took him up, and he visited Philadelphia, New York and Boston, receiving marked attention and many presents in each city. When he returned to Tennessee and went into the canvass, he found that President Jackson was too much for him, and he was beaten by about three hundred votes. He went to Texas, where he fought gallantly, and was killed when the Alamo was taken and its garrison was slaughtered. His son, John W., served as a Whig in Congress from 1837 to 1841. He then removed to New Orleans, where he edited a paper for awhile, and then returned to Tennessee, where he died in 1852. Several lives of Crocket were published, written by others. Of the many sayings credited to him, the most popular one was, "Be sure you're right—then go ahead."

The Colonies of France.

France has no genius for colonizing. The report which the consul general of Algiers makes shows that the attempt to found a French colony in North Africa has not been a great success, though the expense has been large, each family costing nearly $500 to settle. From 1871 to the end of 1884 the State conceded 501,793 hectares of land. To individuals, 358,445 acres were granted, and the rest to communes or public departments. The value of this land is estimated at £1,791,043, and a further sum of £845,441 was expended by the State in settling the colonists to whom the lots were granted. These lots were 13,030 in number, and the number of families provided for was 11,048. Of this number, however, only 5,867 now reside on their concessions.

AMERICAN LAKE DWELLERS.

A QUEER COLONY OF MALAYS IN A LOUISIANA LAKE.

Where Men Live on Stilts—A Village in which there are no Women.

From the New York Sun.

Taking the Shell Beach cars from New Orleans and passing through a fair and fertile country, by the ancient battlefield where Jackson won his laurels, whose long line of fortifications repaired by the Confederates may still be seen, you reach in an hour the shores of Lake Borgne. There is a fine new club-house here, owned by the hunting and fishing club, containing sleeping rooms enough to accommodate half the club at once. From the observatory of the club-house can be seen with a strong glass what looks like a cluster of low huts away to the distant curve of the lake shore. This is the Malay village of lake dwellers.

There is a hotel here, too, kept by an old Spanish creole and his wife, a shy, slender, brown girl with bare feet and a calico sun bonnet of immeasurable depth of tunnel, and a dim obscurity down in its depths in which her big, dark eyes look soft and shadowy. They keep a pet alligator about the place, tied to a stake, and inclined to be extremely open with strangers who pat his head and whistle to him. He rolls one wicked small eye, lifts his upper lid and shuts it again with a bang that is unpleasantly emphatic. There is a solitary pelican, too, with clipped wings and an extremely reserved disposition, whose bill the hotel keeper, with an eye to decoration and exquisite Iberian taste, has painted green. A long pier runs out from the hotel a hundred yards into the lake, where a boat may be hired to go anywhere, even to the Malay village, though the little French boatman warns you that the Malays are not sociable, and are lamentably careless in the use of the knife.

The village is an hour's sail across the curve of the lake, and there, in the brown, oozy marsh, away from any human habitation, with only the flat, dim horizon in sight, is this primeval phase of civilization. A sleepy, crawling bayou runs through the village, and the water-marks on the piles tell how high the tide rises at certain seasons, so that they are surrounded entirely by water in the spring. Just now a little coarse grass pricks through the slimy earth, leprous with salt residuum from the tides, and swarms of fierce, bloodthirsty mosquitoes rise in clouds as feet wading through the mud disturb them. There are eight houses here, built up on piles ten feet high, and made of hewn timbers roughly put together and admitting air and light everywhere through the crevices. They are oblong squares divided into three rooms with batten shutters hung on leather hinges, and no door to any doorway, except the one that leads to the rude, unroofed gallery. The houses are mostly about 30 feet long by 18 wide, and some six or eight men occupy each one. Almost all of the men are away fishing at the moment, but an ancient, weather-beaten party greets us civilly enough in a sort of bastard Spanish, difficult to understand. His face is the color of old leather, and seamed as if cut with a knife. There are two or three others loanging about with pipes in their mouths, more or less free translations of the first ancient mariner, but not a woman to be seen. It is a strictly masculine community. No woman is allowed within its borders.

There is a legend at the Shell Beach that once, yearning for the sweet amenities of feminine companionship, one woman was imported as an experiment. In less than a week ties of friendship that had lasted for years had snapped. The laws of the village were set at naught, and every night disputes, accentuated with knives, arose as to the recipients of her favor. The heads of the community consulted together. It was evident that this dusky Helen was destined to bring on a warfare like that of the Kilkenny cats, so it was resolved into a question of the first law of nature. The whole body, exhausted with dissension, consenting, the unhappy female was taken out into the marsh, tied to a stake and abandoned to the mosquitoes, who made short work of her. They picked her bones clean, since which time no woman has been allowed to set foot within the village. But this is only a legend.

The men support themselves by hunting and fishing, and live in a primitive fashion, ruled over by a sort of patriarch, who settles disputes, and governs the community in all important matters.

Twenty years ago or more a few Malays and Lascar seamen deserted from their ships at the New Orleans levee, drifted out here and found the desolate marsh to their taste. They have gradually accumulated more Asiatics from time to time, until they number now something like fifty men, who live this single amphibious life with perfect contentment—dwelling almost all of the time upon the water and crawling out upon the slimy banks to eat and sleep; dropping into unknown graves, and as oblivious to all the outer world as if in another planet.

The Yulees of Florida—A Romantic History.

From a Washington Letter.

The history of the Yulee family reads like a page of an Oriental tale. The grandfather of Mr. Yulee was Prime Minister of Morocco. The reigning Sultan was cursed with a rebellious son. A conspiracy was hatched to assassinate the ruler and to crown instead the young heir, who abetted this treason. Yulee got wind of the whole affair and disclosed the plot to his master. Princekin was clapped into a dungeon to languish there till his papa expired. Then his turn came, and, alas! Yulee's too. Off went his head. Mrs. Yulee No 1 was an English Jewess named Levy. Her husband's decapitation caused her flight with her baby boy to England. Thence they came to America. When young Levy, as he was called, waxed into graceful manhood he plighted his affections to a Miss Gratz, a beautiful Jewess. For reasons now forgotten their engagement was broken. The fidelity and charms of this Hebrew girl so delighted Washington Irving that he related her history to Sir Walter Scott. He painted and immortalized her as Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." Young Levy married, and his son in turn wedded a Miss Wyckliffe, of Kentucky, resuming also the patronymic of Yulee. In the veins of this generation of Yulees is mingled the blood of Jews, of Moors and of blue-grass Christians. There are a son and three daughters, one of whom ranks among the great beauties and bears the name of Florida, the State which sent her father to the United States Senate.

A GOTHAM BELLE CAPTURES A NOBLEMAN.

A New York Girl Engaged to the Wealthiest Duke in England.

From the Philadelphia Times.

All New York is chattering over the engagement of Miss Marion Langdon to the Duke of Portland. He is the wealthiest of unmarried dukes of England and still in the thirties. That the greatest catch in the British Empire falls at the feet of an American girl should perhaps be regarded as a thing to be proud of by the great North American Republic; but, singularly enough, the great republic never grows enthusiastic when its fair daughters marry titles. Miss Langdon has been the belle of New York for three seasons. There has never been a society girl who combined such advantages as does this famous beauty. To begin with, she has a delicate, beautifully moulded figure and a face of a Greek goddess; her profile is absolutely faultless, and her eyes large, serene and beautiful. Perhaps Miss Langdon is most talked of, however, on account of her complexion, which approaches the marvelous. There is not a particle of color in her face, except for her red lips, and yet she has the look of perfect health. Her skin is like alabaster—pure, transparent and exquisitely fine. It has been no less enthusiastically raved over in Paris and in London than in New York. The beauty takes the most thorough care of it, wearing veils of the most extraordinary thickness whenever the sun shine brightly, and protecting it from the wind and heat with infinite solicitude.

Miss Langdon, besides her great beauty, is possessed of a talisman in the way of blue blood, which is very valuable in New York society. She belongs to the old Van Rennsselaer Schuyler family, and her people have occupied the house in which she still lives when she is in New York for considerably over half a century. It is a charming old house, way down town in Washington square. But Miss Langdon is further enriched than this, for she has in her own name a fortune of a little over a million dollars. Her portion of the estate is entirely distinct from her mother's, and her control over it is absolute and unhampered. That a girl of twenty-two years of age, of gentle breeding, thorough education, classical beauty, blue blood and enormous wealth is successful in society everywhere in the world is natural. It by no means follows, however, that she could easily catch the greatest *parti* of England. The Duke of Portland was moved by no selfish motives in seeking the hand of New York's fairest daughter, for the wealth of his Grace is enormous, so that the $1,000,000 dowry is nowise worth considering in the match. Nor does her family count with him, for it is notorious that our own caste distinctions never have the slightest effect on titled Englishmen. They are not able to see the slightest difference between the daughters of the Knickerbockers or the heiress to a wealthy pork-packer's estate. There isn't so much difference either, when you come to think it over.

The Duke of Portland's experience with the now famous "rosebud" party of London last season was amusing. Sixty society girls put their heads together and decided to give a hop to which each of them was to invite five men. Every one of the sixty maidens sent the Duke of Portland an invitation, and that much-sought-after-nobleman, after carefully considering the sixty invitations for the one party, calmly decided to stay at home.

Jere Black's Eloquence.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

They tell a story of a friend of a Western Congressman who happened to be at the capital, sightseeing, at the time the historical Milligan case was on trial before the Supreme Court. This Congressman was to make a great speech on a certain day, on some question or other, and his friend went up to the capitol to hear it. He somehow missed his way in the building, however, and wandered into the court instead. There he saw a man of towering figure striding back and forth in the narrow space before the bench, arguing the case of the defendant, Milligan. Oratory is captivating to a Western man, and he staid to listen a few minutes. Judge Black was denouncing trials by military commissions, and painting the iniquity of the extra-judicial tribunals that ever in all history usurped the prerogatives of the duly established courts. He instanced Herod, who, when unable to single out from the multitude of children the Christ child, who was to be King of the Jews, tried all the babes for prospective treason, convicted them, decreed their death, and had the sentence carried out with such alacrity and zeal that in one day the whole land was filled with mourning and lamentation. He cited Nero trying the whole Christian Church in a body on the charge of setting fire to Rome, and sending them to the cross. He described Macbeth's hired murderers, "the commission organised in Banquo's case, which sat upon him that very night at a convenient place where it was known he would be traveling." He pictured Lola Montes, Minister and mistress to the King of Bavaria, and her "commission"—"a pack of British bulldogs, trained to tear the flesh and mangle the limbs and lap the life blood"—and much more, which I cannot accurately recall. The Westerner stood and drank it in with eager ears and eyes that hung on every gesture of the orator until, at the climax of the Montes instance, Judge Black thundered out:

"It gives me unspeakable pleasure to tell you the sequel. The people rose in their wrath, smashed down the whole machinery of oppression, and drove out into uttermost shame King, dogs and mistress——"

Then the listener rushed out of the chamber, hurried across into the hall of the House, pushed past the Doorkeeper, down the aisle to where his friend was in the midst of his speech, and plucking him by the coat tail, exclaimed in a voice so loud as to be heard a dozen seats around:

"Wind her up, Bill! Wind her up, and come over here and listen to old Jerry givin' 'em h—l!"

The Old Potomac Bridge.

Residents on Capitol Hill, in Washington, are moving for the reconstruction of the ancient bridge across the eastern branch of the Potomac, at the end of Pennsylvania avenue. This bridge was burned in the war of 1812, when the British soldiers occupied the city; but a proposal to request the English government to rebuild the structure was voted down, and never brought up again.

AMONG THE PERSIANS.

AN AFTERNOON WALK THROUGH TEHERAN.

A Graphic Description of Scenes in the Famous Oriental City.

S. G. W. Benjamin in Harper's.

It is the hour of peace: a rosy light is bathing the house-tops, but the stately avenues leading north and south are in shadow, and cooled by the water thrown by the sakkahs. The tender evening light rests on the snowy crests of the vast ridge of the Shim Iram, or Light of Persia, which rises to a height of 13,000 feet across the northern side of the plain, but nine miles away. The evening glow, before it fades into twilight, lingers last on the snowy cone of Demavend, 21,000 feet high, ever present in every view—the presiding genius that protects the capital of Persia.

With slow and dignified step the Persian gentlemen stroll through these inviting avenues, engaged in genial converse. Their long robes, massive beards and lofty caps or voluminous turbans give them an imposing stateliness as they wend along, undisturbed by the numerous horses and carriages, or the hideously unkempt and filthy dervishes who claim alms on account of their sanctified rags.

At this hour the tea-houses are in full blast. The reader may be surprised to learn that the national beverage of Persia is not coffee but tea. One would naturally suppose that a country so near "Araby the Blest" and the aromatic groves of Mocha would, like the Turks, prefer coffee. Of course a great deal of coffee, prepared in the Turkish way, is consumed by the Persians; but the fact remains that they are essentially a tea-drinking race, using it in vast quantities, flavored with lemon or lime, and sweetened almost to a syrup. The habit is probably the result of the commercial intercourse which at an early period existed between Persia and China, and which, as is now well-known, gave an impulse to the arts of Persia, of which evidences appear at various stages of her æsthetic history.

At Teheran the tea-houses take the place of the coffee-houses of Constantinople. One meets them at every turn, of every rank, but all alike resorts for rest, leisure and entertainment. There one may see public dancers, who by law are now invariably men, although women contrive to evade the law sometimes and exhibit in the harems. The male dancers are brought up to this vocation from boyhood, and invariably wear long hair in imitation of women, and shave their faces smooth.

What interests an intelligent European at these tea-houses more than the dances are the recitations from the poets. The songs of Hafiz may be heard there, and entire cantos from the great epic of Ferdoonsee, repeated with loud, sonorous modulation, heard sometimes at quite a distance at the inspiring passages and listened to with enthusiastic rapture. Here, too, one may hear the "Arabian Nights" tales given without any attempt at expurgation, exactly as in a recent translation. The reader will recollect that the characters in the "Arabian Nights" are constantly and at every opportunity quoting long and appropriate passages from the poets. This may appear to the European to be affectation or a freak of poetic license on the part of the author of the tales. On the contrary, he was simply giving us another of the traits of Oriental character the record of which has given to those inimitable narratives immortality as the finest picture ever given of the life of the East, which, after thousands of years, is only just beginning to feel the transforming influence of Western civilization.

As one continues his ramble through Teheran at this hour, he sees a crowd amused by baboons dancing to the beat of tambourines—animals which, if they do not get all the happiness they deserve, at least well fulfill their mission in ministering to the amusement of myriads by their absurd antics and grimaces. Or we see a chained lioness put through her paces, or—fatigued by the part she is forced to play in life, and unable to escape from it by suicide—sleeping heavily on the pavement. But one of the commonest spectacles in Teheran in the late afternoon—a sight which always draws a crowd—is a match of the trained wrestlers or athletes exercising with clubs, at both of which the Persians are very expert, though they make no great figure in jugglery.

A Famous Hatter.

One of the famous hatters of his day was Genin, who advertised himself in one way, among many, by paying an enormous price for one of the first seats at Jenny Lind's concert on her arrival in New York thirty-five years ago. A relative of the hatter said of him recently:

"He was full of daring schemes and made four fortunes, three of which he lost. One of the most successful speculations was with the well-known Kossuth hat, which was a standard style for years. Genin hired a tug and met the steamer on which Kossuth and his companions were to arrive. He went on board the vessel down the bay, and presented Kossuth with a hat which he said had been made in his honor, and which he begged him to wear in place of his old one. Similar hats were distributed among members of Kossuth's party. The people of New York saw the hats. There was only one manufacturer from whom the goods could be obtained, and the demand was so great that the speculative hatter, who had thousands of the hats stored away, disposed of his stock at a great profit."

A Lame Artist's Visit to the White House.

From the New York Sun.

Marion Foster, the little lame artist of this city, of whom much has been written, is in Washington. She read Miss Cleveland's book when it was first published, and was very anxious to see her. A friend told Miss Cleveland of this, and she wrote to Miss Foster, inviting her to call. On Tuesday the artist drove to the White House, and was carried into the Red Parlor, where Miss Cleveland met her. To add to Miss Foster's complete happiness, the President came into the room and chatted with her. She afterwards said that she had never been more kindly treated and never felt more flattered in her life. As soon as she went to her rooms she changed the expression of the portrait of the President which she is painting. It had looked rather severe. She at once made the face beam with kindly feeling.

The autocrat of the breakfast table—The buckwheat cake.

SANTA ANNA'S WIDOW.

The Sad Lot of the Wife of the Once Dictator of Mexico.

Mexico Letter in the Chicago Times.

A striking example of the vicissitudes of life is furnished by the history of President Santa Anna's widow, who lives here in a sort of cloistered seclusion. Not that she is poor, for she has ample means; not that she is unhappy; not that she could not, if she chose, attract to her drawing room a limited circle of friends and acquaintances; but simply because she has no energy, is in reality too indolent to take or even feel any interest in the ordinary affairs of the world, and passes her days in a rocking-chair, idly dreaming.

When General Santa Anna married Dolores Tosta she was extremely beautiful, but was an unsophisticated child, only 13 years of age, who from birth had been used to abject poverty, and she was therefore quite dazed when her enamored spouse installed her in regal style and ordered everybody to address her as "Su Alteza" (your highness). However, by the aid of governesses, tutors and "ladies-in waiting," she was soon able to play her part in the great world which at first seemed to her a wonder-land. As Santa Anna was at that epoch a dictator rather than a constitutional President, his whims were humored and orders implicitly obeyed. When his young wife attended mass, priests, followed by their acolytes bearing a large gilded cross and lighted tapers, sallied forth to escort her from her coach to her seat in the cathedral, and at the conclusion of the ceremony accompanied her to the pavement and stood there, with bowed heads and downcast eyes, until the carriage disappeared. The Dictator, to further honor his bride, organized for her a body-guard of twenty-five gentlemen, who were chosen from the highest rank of officers in the military service. This guard wore a rich white uniform, profusely trimmed with gold lace. They were called "Los Mosqueteros de Su Alteza" (Her Highness' Musketeers), and whenever "Su Alteza" attended the theatre the guard rode in front and at the sides of her carriage, each bearing a lighted torch. During the performance these mosqueteros remained in the corridor of the theatre, ready to escort their princess to the palace.

At the conclusion of the war of 1846-'47, between Mexico and the United States, General Santa Anna, who had resisted the American force long and bravely, yet was defeated, lost his prestige, was accused of various misdemeanors—even of treason—and was banished by the dominant party. Then his child-wife developed into a noble-hearted woman and tried by every means in her power to console the fallen dictator. In 1874 the Mexican government permitted General Santa Anna to return to his native land, but the exile's spirit was crushed, and he died soon afterward, utterly neglected by all parties and ignored by all classes, even by men he had loved and aided.

To-day none of the generation that once bowed humbly before "Su Alteza," the dictator's wife, seem to remember her existence, and but few young Mexicans are even aware that she resides in this capital.

Marrying Late in Life.

From Harper's Bazar.

A man who marries late in life is in danger of marrying out of his generation, and generally contrives to select the partner least in sympathy with him or his pursuits—one who cares more for his bank account than for his tastes or feelings, who has no associations with his youth or heyday, and no reminiscences in common. Somebody, indeed, once remarked to Mr. Edgeworth that "nobody but a fool would venture to make his first speech in Parliament or marry after fifty." Both of which things Mr. Edgeworth committed, if we mistake not.

But there seems no legitimate reason why a man or woman should not marry after fifty, or why they should seem ridiculous in so doing, other things being equal. Why should not one be as capable of love at fifty as at twenty-five? Has one age a monopoly of love over another? May not one love better at fifty than younger, with a larger nature, enriched by thought and experience, deepened by failure or success? The love at twenty-five may be but a fleeting surface passion beside this other—a mere sham and glamour, subject to change and chance, which the next pair of velvet eyes may dispel. Balzac says that men are most dangerous to women after fifty; that is, their powers have ripened and mellowed, and they have learned better how to employ them; love is an ideal to them, and not a pastime; they have discovered what qualities they prefer, what attractions are durable and independent of age or circumstances.

How a Gallant Conductor First Met His Charming Wife.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Yes," said a conductor on the Illinois Central, "I'm married at last, boys, and am mighty glad of it. But the strangest part of the story is how I came to meet my wife. It was about a year ago. One day we stopped at one of the stations down the line where the track is doubled, when there was a freight train approaching on the track west of the station. The freight slowed up so that passengers would have time to cross, and then put on steam and came along after I had given the signal to my engineer to start. But I had stood on the ground looking out for passengers who might jump off and get hurt, as I always do under similar circumstances.

"On this occasion it was well that I did, because a young woman came running out of one of the coaches of my train and excitedly made a jump to get off. She landed right in my arms, and if I hadn't been there she'd have fallen before the freight engine and been crushed to death. Well, boys, I just held on to her until those two trains passed, and they weren't very short trains either. She was so excited I didn't dare put her down, and I felt quite comfortable the way I was, anyhow, with her heart beating against mine. Well, in that minute and a half I lost my heart, and we were married a week before Christmas. She says she always did like a man who had sense enough to hold fast to a good thing when he had a chance."

In a divorce case the other day at Chicago a lawyer argued that if a woman on being married misrepresented her age to her husband she was just as liable as a man selling a horse and representing it to be of a certain age when it could be proved that it was older.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY.....MARCH 11, 1886.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

The recent car-driver strike in New York City developed one fact—that the great metropolis advances no empty claim to the distinction of having "the finest police force in the world." The great body of blue coats were like a force of veteran soldiers—cool, courageous and officered with a skill which amounted to generalship.

The editor of the *State Chronicle* concludes, after a study and comparison of the categorical replies received from different sections of the State to his questions as to the popular view on so-called civil service reform, that the measure is steadily gaining upon the confidence of the people. If this is his deliberate judgment he will wake some morning during the next general election to find himself the most considerably astonished man in North Carolina.

The winter which has just closed should be named the "dark winter" of the century. Its necrology, if an accurate record could have been kept of grim tragedies and ghastly holocausts, would be found bristling with horrors—death in every form and by every conceivable catastrophe: in fierce flames and sudden explosions; in the living tombs of the depths of mines; in the overwhelming snow-slide and the sweeping flood, and in "the ships that went down in deep waters and never were sighted more."

ALTOGETHER ADMIRABLE.

We forgive the President the enthusiasm with which he embraces the civil service humbug; we freely pardon his heresies on the silver question—only lamenting that he has the misfortune not to be in accord with us in his views of those two great questions. By his recent rebuke to the arrogant presumption of the dominant party in the United States Senate, and his firm, courageous attitude in vindication of his position and defense of his official prerogative, he must challenge the admiration and hearty approval of not only his own party but of every fair-minded citizen of the country who values manliness and self-respect.

The following extracts from his message to the Senate, repyling to the demand of that body for the reasons for his action in making official changes and removals, are refreshing reading—golden words of wisdom and good sense which meet with responsive sympathy throughout the land:

While, therefore, I am constrained to deny the right of the Senate to the papers and documents described, so far as the right to the same is based upon the claim that they are in any view of the subject official, I am also led unequivocally to dispute the right of the Senate by the aid of any document whatever, or in any way save through the judicial process of trial on impeachment, to review or reverse the acts of the Executive, in the suspension during the recess of the Senate of Federal officials. I believe the power to remove or suspend such officials is vested in the President alone by the Constitution, which in express terms provides that "the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America," and that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

* * * * * * *

There are no grounds for an allegation that the fear of being found false to my professions influences me in declining to submit to the demands of the Senate. I have not constantly refused to suspend officials, and thus incurred the displeasure of political friends, and yet willfully broken faith with the people for the sake of being false to them.

Neither the discontent of party friends nor the allurements constantly offered of confirmations or appointments conditioned upon the avowal that suspensions have been made on party grounds alone, nor the threat proposed in the resolutions now before the Senate that no confirmations will be made unless the demands of that body be complied with is sufficient to discourage or deter me from following the way which I am convinced leads to better government for the people.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS.

We place about as heavy an estimate on our own merits, we guess, as they will stand, without toppling over, but we know too well the sound practical sense and good judgment, founded on years of experience, of the agricultural class of the community, to venture upon the egotism of directing them how to manage their farms and run their business. A more ready and thorough access to information from different sections of the State, however, and the possession of facts collated by a daily perusal of the columns of the State press, may render it not inappropriate for us to make at this time some suggestions as to the culture of tobacco.

Like every other venture in which a man may invest his time, money or energies, it is liable to two extremes—in one of which there is serious danger, and in the other the discomfort arising from a failure to utilize the benefits which might be enjoyed. If we could suppose the farmers of this section guilty of the folly of directing all their efforts to the production of tobacco, to the exclusion of everything else, we might reasonably predict for them bankruptcy and ruin. If, on the other hand, we are to find them so excessively timid and cautious as to be swayed here and there at every turn—afraid to put into the earth the sprouting slip of the apple or peach because the market is low for dried fruit, or fearful of planting tobacco, corn or wheat because the prices may go down—we need not fear that they will starve, perhaps, but the homestead will never have a new coating of paint, the wife never a new rocking-chair or baby-cradle, and the barn will stand just as it is until it falls into ruin. Prudence is an inestimable quality, but it is not a negative virtue—a deadness to all improvement; "nothing venture nothing have" does not imply encouragement of wild speculation or rash enterprises, but that watchful energy which seizes the golden opportunities which cross the pathway of every man at some time during his life; "let well enough alone" is a very good refrain for a bright day and a straight road, but when it is not "well enough" but "bad enough," it must be remedied somehow if it is in the scope of man's abilities to effect it.

It is not to be denied that the farmers of the Cape Fear section are in sore need of some crop that will supply them with a little ready money after the proceeds of other crops have been entirely exhausted—nor is it any less certain that every branch of trade and business would be greatly benefited by such an addition to the agricultural resources of the people.

The proof is easy that in the tobacco-growing section of the State farmers have cultivated the crop at a profit, towns have thriven through the market created by its production, and while producers have had reason to be satisfied with the results of their labors, dealers and manufacturers have in some instances accumulated fortunes. We have no intention of trying to delude anyone into the belief that this has been universally the case: tobacco growers are liable to their reverses, just as the cotton planter, the grain and stock raiser—the laborer in every field of industry—must fortify himself against the chances of adversity no less certainly than he enjoys the fruits of prosperity. But tobacco is a money crop, never failing to find a market in which it can be converted into cash, subject, of course, to just such fluctuations of price as are common to all the staple commodities of commerce.

The planter who, having had his attention directed to the important facts relating to the cultivation of tobacco, becomes wildly extravagant on the subject and sees a certain fortune in the future, is doomed to bitter disappointment, and is, in fact, so little gifted with the quality of common sense that he is not worth the labor of an argument; but we are confident in the opinion that wherever there are good tobacco lands in the upper Cape Fear section, it would be entirely consonant with prudence and sound judgment to devote them on a moderate scale to that crop. The farmers of this section are an eminently conservative class in their modes of thought and habits of life, and in every community are leading, clear-headed men, whose influence restrains the too sanguine from running riot over new and alluring schemes. Let the tobacco experiments, whether on small or extensive scale, be conducted without prejudice to the raising of all needed supplies for the household and the farm, and there need be no fears of the result.

"Bi-Metallist" Again on the Silver Question.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., March 9, 1886.

To the Editors of the Observer and Gazette:

Press of other work prevented my sending you a reply to the article of Mr. Rose in your paper of 25th ult. Will you kindly allow me space in this week's issue?

I heartily agree with Mr. Rose in the opening sentences of his communication, but when he says that because the South is neither a "silver-producing section" nor a "holder of government bonds," it is not, therefore, vitally interested in the solution of the silver problem, I certainly do not agree with him.

It is a question of supreme importance to us; for, aside from the direct ill effects of a depreciated currency, which are too well recognized by all to require special mention, any measure which affects the North commercially is soon felt in nearly the same degree by the South. Our daily wants are supplied by the North; nearly every thing we sell, we sell to the North; our intercourse is most intimate—and can Mr. Rose contend that any measure that vitally affects the North is not of importance to the South? Nor do I agree with him that the Southern people are "better fitted than any others to give a just decision upon this question." Ours is an agricultural section; "four-fifths of our people never saw a government bond and nine out of ten know nothing of custom houses, or the gold demands of foreign creditors." I believe the Southern people are the bravest, most honest and honorable set of men on the face of the earth, but their energies have been confined to the daily questions of the best way of improving their lands, the best crops to plant, how to get the most juice out of a pine-tree, etc., and they are not as well fitted to solve this question as those who make commercial and financial problems their daily study. Do we consult a physician when we bring a suit in court, or a lawyer when sick, or do we go to those who have made a special study of the matter upon which we want advice?

Mr. Rose has overlooked the fact that nine-tenths of the financial students of the country, both North and South, have most emphatically declared that the continued coinage of standard dollars will work great damage to the business interests of the whole country, and if persevered in will banish gold. Surely the combined experience and judgment of these men, whose integrity cannot be questioned, and whose facilities for arriving at a correct opinion are unsurpassed, make them best fitted to give a just decision on this question.

Nor do I agree with Mr. Rose that the South has already decided this question. When our Representatives and Senators were elected the silver question had not assumed the importance it has since, and it was not a political issue: they were not elected on a silver basis. It is true, the question was asked Mr. Cleveland, and had he not defined his position as opposed to the continued coinage of silver, the "Tatooed Man" would now be seated in the White House, instead of the best President we have had in twenty-five years.

Nor has Mr. Rose convinced me of the "fallacy" of the statement that the standard dollar is only "80 cts.' worth of silver," though I examined it in the calcium light of "Webster Unabridged." Mr. Webster defines coin as "metal stamped for money, as (for instance) gold or silver" (and he might have added copper). Now, the Mexican dollar, for many years a legal tender in this country, is "silver coin stamped for money" filling to the letter Webster's definition, and according to Mr. Rose's interpretation of "Abrahamic, Asiatic, Greek and Roman civilization" is a dollar, and yet we know from sad personal experience that 75 cts. is its purchasing power. And how about the trade dollar, issued by our own government, containing 7½ grains more silver than the "80 centers, stamped for money?" Are they dollars? Certainly not. What is the difference between these and the standard dollars? None, according to Webster. Neither are dollars, I claim. But of the standards the law says "we (the citizens of the United States) shall receive them for their nominal (or face) value," while in those countries with whom we have the closest commercial intercourse the "dollar of our daddies" (worth under their administration of affairs, 100 cents) occupies the unenviable position that a Mexican dollar does with us. No "fallacy" in that, but a humiliating fact, and if we continue to coin them and force them into circulation they will get down to the same level at home.

Mr. Rose says: "if he (I) had consulted the financial history of the United States, he (I) would have found that from the beginning of this century, from the time when we changed from the English to the American system of notation—from pounds to dollars—371¼ grains of pure silver with a certain proportion of alloy, properly stamped by the government, have always constituted a dollar."

Now, if he had not been so engrossed in Webster's Dictionary he would have known that in 1873 the United States demonetized silver (sec. 3586, United States Laws relating to Loans and the Currency), and it was not money in sums of over five dollars. If he will, at this late day, shelve his Webster for a while, and look up these laws he will find in section 3693 the following language: "The faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all the * * * interest-bearing obligations of the United States, except in cases where the law authorizing the issue of any such obligation has expressly provided that the same may be paid in lawful money, or other currency than gold and silver." Now, Messrs. Editors, what is the meaning of these sections? No. 3693 solemnly pledges the government to pay these bonds in coin—gold and silver—and section 3586 declares that silver is legal tender only in amounts under five dollars. Obviously the bonds are payable in gold; silver can only be used in making the necessary change. That this was the intention of the makers of this law is apparent from the fact that the authorized agents of the government advertised these bonds as *gold bonds*—for twenty-five years they have been paid in gold. Further, section 5185 of the same laws above-cited provides that the National Banks may issue notes upon the "deposit of any United States bonds bearing interest, *payable in gold* with the Treasurer of the United States." So, then, the bonds are not payable in "gold or silver," as Mr. Rose says, but in "gold *and* silver," it being understood that not more than five dollars in silver can be forced on the bondholder. No other position is tenable—for why should section 5185 require National Banks to deposit bonds "payable in gold" if the bonds were not so payable?

I fear Mr. Rose is too much absorbed in Webster's Dictionary, for he not only seems to have overlooked these laws of the United States, but gets sadly at sea in quoting the Bible. He says "Abraham bought the cave of Maepelah from the sons of Heth." Now, the Bible says he bought it from "Ephron the Hittite," a foreigner who dwelt in the land. Abraham paid for it not in standard dollars, but "*weighed* to Ephron four hundred sheckels *current money with the merchants*." The grand old Patriarch would have scorned to pay in any coin woth 80 cts. on the dollar! If we had more Abrahams in the world we would be better off—especially if they were in Congress.

Mr. Rose says silver has a more fixed value than gold, and points to the fact that 371¼ grains pure silver are all the United States ever put into a dollar as proof of the statement. Now, what has that to do with the value? The law says 56 lbs. of corn shall constitute a bushel; but does that fix the value of corn? Now, let us see how the quotations are: in 1859 the average price of silver was $1.36; in 1860, $1.38; in 1870, $1.32; in 1875, $1.24; in 1880, $1.14; 1883, $1.10; now, $1.05—a decline of 31 cts. per ounce. Not very fixed! Does Mr. Rose say it will buy more coffee, sugar, etc., than ever before? It will not buy more than gold; it *will not buy as much*. Then why demonetize gold by a forced coinage of silver?

Mr. Rose quotes me as saying "silver ought not to be recognized as money because it is so inconvenient." He is unfortunate in his quotations, for I certainly said nothing of the kind. I want both gold and silver to circulate freely and at par with each other. I want the American silver dollar to be worth 100 cents, not only from Maine to Texas, but from London to Constantinople and anywhere else it may find its way, and in order that it may I want its coinage stopped until the other nations with whom we have intimate commercial and financial relations agree to remonetize silver—a thing they will never do so long as we continue to coin it as at present. What I did say and do reiterate is that "silver is inferior to gold," because of the inconvenience attending its handling, among other things, and therefore it will drive gold from circulation if its forced coinage is continued. It may not leave the country entirely, though I believe it will, but it will certainly be hoarded. In fact, this hoarding has already begun in a small way. Gold coin is leaving the rural districts and accummulating at the financial centres. We see and handle much less gold in Fayetteville to-day than we did 3 years ago, and in New York it is deposited and *held* much more than ever before in the his ory of this country. During the past 2 years the excess of reserve in New York has been from $35,000,000 to $55,000,000, and this vast sum is idle, afraid to come out of the strong boxes on account of the commotion sure to follow the forced payment of the "gold bonds" of the government in a depreciated coin or certificates of deposit irredeemable in gold.

The fact is, that too much silver is worse than not enough, and as an economic measure the standard dollar is a failure, as a money it is a fraud, as a speculation it is thus far a loss, and as a means of inflation it can never be a success because of the intimate relations between the financial centres of the world, and the sooner its forced coinage is stopped the better for all classes, from the hard-handed son of toil to the bloated bondholder, to which class does not belong, I am sorry to say,

Your obd't serv't,
"BI-METALLIST."

Washington Notes and Gossip.

WASHINGTON, March 5, 1886.—During the month of February the Secretary of the Treasury purchased 1,450,000 ounces of silver for coinage into standard dollars, being about 500,000 less than the usual monthly purchase. It is explained at the department that the amount of silver fell short because no more was offered at market rates. The price was higher owing to the increased expenses of transportation during the bad weather which prevailed during the month. There was, however, sufficient bullion on hand to allow the coinage of dollars to the minimum limit. These silver purchases are made semi-weekly. A commission, consisting of Assistant Secretary Fairchild, Mr. Kimball, director of the mint, and Treasurer Jordan, considers the bids received and reports to the Secretary the advisability of their acceptance. A division of sentiment has prevailed for several weeks past among the members of the commission as to the legality of the purchases in question. Treasurer Jordan holds that there should be a specific appropriation for such purchases, and in the absence of such appropriation invariably recommends the rejection of all bids received. The two other members of the commission hold that the Coinage Act requiring purchases of bullion and the coinage of not less than two millions in standard dollars in each month, is in the nature of a permanent appropriation and confers full authority in the premises. The result has been that for several weeks past the Secretary has received two reports on the subject, the majority report, recommending the acceptance of the lowest bids received, and the minority report, recommending the rejection of all bids. The Secretary has in each instance approved the majority report and directed that silver be purchased in accordance therewith. If he had acted in accordance with the recommendations of Treasurer Jordan no silver would have been purchased and the coinage of standand dollars to the limit provided by law would have been practically suspended.

A Distinguished Visitor.

From the Wilmington Star.

Col. A. K McClure, the editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, was at the Orton last night. He is on his way to Florida, and is accompanied by several ladies and by a gentleman from Philadelphia whose name escapes us. A large number of leading citizens called upon him and were introduced by Lieutenant Governor Stedman. Col. McClure is of commanding figure, with a kindly eye and pleasant, handsome face. He is affable and entertaining, and made a most agreeable impression.

The revenue collections at the branch office in Winston for the month of February were $32,800.00.

ADVERTISEMENTS. | ADVERTISEMENTS

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NEW SPRING STYLES HATS, BONNETS, &C.

TRAMWAY, PORCUPINE, MILAN AND CANTON BRAIDS.

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Feb. 25 tf — MRS. DYE.

1886. The New Year. 1886.

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Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

Must be sold. Here is a rare chance for the

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Crockery and Glassware

Are not neglected.

STOCK KEPT FULLY UP

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CALL AND SEE THE

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The Best Made

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jan 21 tf

LAUNDRY SOAPS,
Starch and Bluing,
TOILET SOAPS,

Bought close and sold close

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ALWAYS IN TIME!

He has just received a large supply of

BUIST'S

—CELEBRATED—

Garden Seeds,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Seed Motto: "NEW and FRESH or None."

jan 7-tf

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Can find what they want, and SAVE MONEY

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COUNTRY PRODUCE

Always in stock.

EGGS 10 CENTS A DOZEN,

At Headquarters,

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ALL FARMERS IN NEED of a TURN PLOW will find it to their interest to examine "THE DAISY" at our Sample Rooms before purchasing elsewhere. Prices as low as any on the market, and satisfactory performance of work guaranteed or money refunded.

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Quinnipiac Co. Pine Island.
Pocomoke Super Phosphate.
Walker's Cotton Phosphate.
L. & R. Acid Phosphate.
L. & R. Guano.
Stono Soluble Guano.
Stono Acid Phosphate.

These goods are equal to any and superior to many brands.

☞ Agricultural Lime.

feb 18-tf — J. B. STARR.

2ND SHIPMENT OF

GARDEN SEED

Received at Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

Cumberland House.

I AM NOW FULLY PREPARED TO ACCOMMODATE the TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

Am Nearer and More Convenient to the Depot than Any Hotel in Town.

All I ask is a trial, as I shall spare no effort to please.

D. H. BELL,
Proprietor.

October 1, 1885. — 138-6m

CANNED GOODS

From best packers and in great variety.

Wilson's and Larrabe's leading goods in

CRACKERS

fresh, in small quantities, constantly being received

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

I Have Removed My Art Gallery

To the POSTOFFICE BUILDING, Upstairs,

where I am now prepared to receive customers and give them FINER WORK than has ever been produced in the city before.

mar 4 tf — R. FRANK PETERSON.

ADVERTISEMENTS. | ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

Brown & Roddick's,

27 HAY STREET, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

WE ARE DAILY RECEIVING NEW GOODS

IN ALL OUR DEPARTMENTS,

and would respectfully call attention to the following:

DRESS GOODS:

A NICE LINE AT 10, 12 1-2 AND 15c.

Ginghams from 5c.

NAINSOOK CHECKS FROM 8c.

LINEN TABLE DAMASK FROM 35c. TO $1.00.

TURKEY RED DAMASKS.

Hamburg Edging AND Insertions:

A NEW LOT, FROM 3c. UP---Fully 25 Per Cent. Under Market Value.

All-over Embroideries and Lace Goods:

Torchon Lace.
Oriental Lace.
Saxony Lace.

CORSETS FROM 21c.

A Splendid Line of

SPRING CASSIMERES,

Suitings for Men and Boys.

Brown & Roddick,

27 Hay St., Fayetteville.

9 Front St., Wilmington, N. C.

Robesonian please copy.

Feb. 25. — tf.

The DURHAM BULL Fertilizer,

—MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR—

BRIGHT TOBACCO.

We guarantee every pound of our goods ammoniated with genuine Peruvian Guano. Will not fire the plant in dry weather. Insures a quick and vigorous growth and a large, BRIGHT, rich, waxy Tobacco. Indorsed by the leading planters wherever used. Remember, *none* Peruvian Guano is almost absolutely necessary to grow large, rich Tobacco. This is the kind of Tobacco that is in such demand.

The Durham Fertilizer for Cotton and Corn

is acknowledged by leading planters throughout the State the BEST GUANO FOR THE PRICE ever used. Guaranteed free from all *fiery ammoniates* or shoddy material of every kind. These goods are fast becoming the leaders wherever used, because they give the best field results.

When you buy DURHAM BULL FERTILIZER you get value received—you are not buying water and sand. Every ton of our goods is warranted to be just as represented.

For sale by dealers at most railroad points in North Carolina and Virginia.

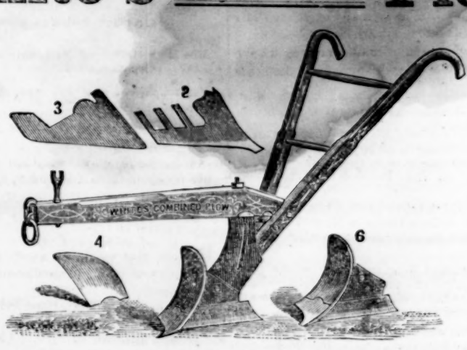
MUSE BROS., Cameron, N. C. McIVER & DALRYMPLE, Jonesboro, N. C.
McIVERS, Sanford, N. C. H. C. McMILLAN, Shannon, N. C.
A. E. RANKIN & CO., Fayetteville, N. C. } Local Agents.

☞ Apply to any of our agents or write direct to us for "Fleming's Treatise on Tobacco" and leading planters' certificates testifying to the superiority of our Fertilizer.

feb 25-2m — Durham Fertilizer Co., Durham, N. C.

White's COMBINED Plow!

For all Work on the Farm,



Still Acknowledged to be the Best Plow

As It Combines a Good Turning Plow with All the Stonewall Cotton and Tobacco Attachments.

PLOWS and CASTINGS for them always on hand. I also offer the BOY DIXIE, ATLAS STONEWALL, "BOSS," CLIMAX TOBACCO PLOW and all old styles, such as Nos. 10, 35, 40, 50, 48, A 6 and M 6. For sale at LOW PRICES for CASH.

☞ A Full Line of Groceries and Hardware on hand.

feb 18-tf — CHAS. HAIGH, Next Door to People's Bank.

STOVES. STOVES.

WE have a LARGE ASSORTMENT of COOKING STOVES, all numbers. Also OIL STOVES, REFRIGERATORS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS, WATER-COOLERS, LEMON SQUEEZERS, TIN TOILET-SETS, GARDEN and DRY-WELL PUMPS, VALLEY GUTTERING, &C.

—ALSO—

CANE-MILLS, COPPER and GALVANIZED EVAPORATORS, STEAM-FITTINGS, BLACK and GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.

At
July 2, 1885. — McMILLAN BROS. 125-tf

Observer and Gazette.

THURSDAY.....MARCH 11, 1886.

LOCAL BULLETINS.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

(See Second and Third Pages.)

ROSE & LEAK—Spring of 1886.
FRANK THORNTON—Pony for sale.
M. O., HOPE MILLS—For sale cheap.
PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK—Statement.
H. R. HORNE—Carolina Baking Powder.
MCNEILL & STOUT—Groceries, Plows, etc.
FAYETTEVILLE NATIONAL BANK—Statement.
GEO. A. THOMSON—Groceries, Crockery, Glassware.
FRANK THORNTON—Announcement of Spring Silks.

CHEAP READING!

Two Good Newspapers for $2.75!

Having made arrangements with the proprietors of the *Detroit Free Press*, we will furnish that paper and the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE for one year at the low price of $2.75.

It is needless for us to particularize the merits of the *Detroit Free Press*—its reputation is not confined even to the United States, but is almost world-wide. It is a large eight-page weekly paper, embracing in its different departments the choicest selections in literature, science, art, news, humor, etc., etc.

Supply yourselves and families for the coming year with excellent newspaper reading by subscribing to the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE and *Free Press*.

Press of Matter.

We endeavor always to give our readers a fair supply of editorial, local and late news matter on the inside pages; but the pressure of new advertisements in this issue makes an unusual demand upon our space, and we must crave indulgence.

Almost a Fire.

Last Friday morning at an early hour, before the business of the day had commenced, smoke was seen issuing from the rear of the store of Mr. R. W. Thornton, on Person street; and, the door having been forced open, the floor under the stove in the back room was found to be on fire. The alarm had in the meantime been given and the fire department were promptly on the ground and ready for action, but their services were not called into requisition, one or two bucketfuls of water sufficing to extinguish the flames.

Superior Court.

Thanks to the promptness and dispatch of the excellent presiding Judge, Hon. E. T. Boykin, with the ability of his coadjutor, Solicitor McIver, the criminal docket was cleared off in three days this week, and court has adjourned. The only case of much importance was that of Robt. Lee for horse-stealing, who was sentenced to 12 years in the penitentiary.

We heard a prominent lawyer lamenting that it could not be so that court might continue for the remainder of the week, and dispose of at least a portion of the great amount of civil business which has accumulated on the docket.

Hymeneal—Orrell—Glover.

On Monday, 8th inst., Maj. R. M. Orrell was united in marriage to Miss Julia Glover, at the residence of her father, Mr. Edwin Glover, on Haymount, Rev. Dr. J. C. Huske, Rector of St. John's Church, performing the ceremony. The wedded couple departed on the noon train for the pleasures of a Northern tour, accompanied by the kind wishes of the large concourse of friends who assembled to speed them in the first steps of the roseate path of the honeymoon.

Maj. Orrell and his accomplished bride have gained for themselves warm friendship and esteem in every circle, where all will rejoice in their future happiness.

Remarkably Healthy.

The New Berne *Journal* takes just comfort to itself in the reflection that that city, with a white population of 2,500, had but one death during the whole month of February. We are credibly informed that not long since forty-three days passed in Fayetteville without a single interment in the white cemetery.

Alas! it is not always so. Sometimes death calls and calls again until, all at one time almost, the majesty born of this great mystery transfigures the infant's smiling face; strong limbs grow weak and numb with that dread chill no human warmth can ever again unlock; old age at last falls into rest, the wrinkles and the furrows faded into the glory of ineffable peace.

We remember one week, not many years ago, when there was but one day in all the seven in which through the graveyard gates some burden was not borne to its last resting-place, and the fell scourge dyphtheria, whose poisoned breath blights so many of youth's fair flowers, had fashioned with relentless hand nearly all of the new-made mounds above which the night-winds whispered and the stars shone down.

Lecture on Phrenology.

Dr. Barker, Professor of Phrenology, lectured in Williams Hall on Tuesday and last evenings, of the latter of which the early hour at which we go to press precludes a notice, but we were present on Tuesday night and were much entertained.

For fear that we may lay ourselves liable to Dr. Barker's summary but reasonable dismissal of those who declare their disbelief in phrenology without knowing anything about it, we shall not venture upon any opinion as to its merits; but, whether Dr. Barker is advocating a great science or endeavoring to bolster up a flimsy "ism," he has the faculty of making himself interesting to intelligent auditors. Without posing as an orator, his voice is good, his delivery easy and fluent, his manner paternal and "taking"—and, best of all, he impresses one who studies him closely with not only his originality and breadth of thought but thorough honesty of purpose. If phrenology is a humbug Dr. Barker hasn't found it out, for if he had he would drop it.

At the conclusion of his discourse the lecturer stated that he would like to show his audience that he could practice what he preached, and asked that two citizens well-known in the community would submit their heads for phrenological examination. He requested Dr. W. C. McDuffie and Col. J. A. Pemberton to act as a committee to secure two subjects from persons in the hall; and those two gentlemen, after endeavoring to secure the attendance on the stage of a citizen whose intellectual development is decidedly *Napoleonic*, at length committed to Dr. Barker's tender mercies Messrs. R. F. Peterson and J. W. Atkinson.

The *crania* of these interesting offerings on the altar of science were thoroughly manipulated by the lecturer, with many shrewd hits at character which kept the audience full of amusement and laughter; and, as neither one was convicted of ever having "'shook' his grandmother" or stolen a mule, they retired from public view with the comfortable feeling that they were right good fellows, after all.

Death of a Prominent Virginian.

There died in Virginia on the 8th of last month one whom the older inhabitants of this place doubtless knew and esteemed in the past—James Strange French, a first cousin of the late Judge Strange and second cousin of the present head of the family, Capt. James W. Strange, of Fayetteville.

Gifted with rare graces of person, Col. French was endowed with admirable qualities of mind and heart—refined culture, unusual attainments and a winning magnetism of manner which drew to his side devoted friends, upon whom he delighted to lavish the warmth of his generous nature. His life was marked by many shining events, was crowned with distinction and expended in rich, overflowing measure in the cause of humanity and progress. For years Col. French traveled through Europe as the correspondent of *Harper's Magazine* and *Knickerbocker's*; he was the intimate friend of Edgar A. Poe, writing a critique of his works and the best life of David Crockett extant; he nominated James K. Polk in a great speech in the convention of 1844; he had the high honor conferred upon him of being selected as a pall-bearer at the interment of the remains of the Marquis de LaFayette in Paris; he constructed the first railroad between Alexandria and Washington City, and built the famous Hygeia Hotel at Fortress Monroe; by his dauntless bravery he was chiefly instrumental in quelling the notorious insurrection in Southampton county, Va., and with the like high courage he offered his life and sacrificed his all in behalf of the South.

Col. French died stripped of his wealth and shorn of his power, because he loved all men better than himself; but his life was gracious and his death beautiful in the sight of his Maker.

Sensible and to the Point.

The editor of the Raleigh *State Chronicle* has been addressing a series of questions—as to the popular verdict on civil service reform and the endorsement of the Administration—to the chairmen of the Democratic county executive committees and to business and professional men throughout the State, which correspondence has elicited some very sensible and pertinent replies, while it has also drawn forth a good deal of "buncombe" and rodomontade. One of the briefest as well as wisest of the answers given to the *State Chronicle* comes from our friend Maj. B. F. Shaw, of Harnett, as follows:

1st. We do not endorse the civil service law. We believe the Democratic party entitled to all the offices.

2nd. We think our people are opposed to the civil service law.

3rd. Our people endorse Mr. Cleveland's administration—think that he is bound to be governed by the civil service reform law until it is repealed by Congress.

In our opinion Maj. Shaw has here given an accurate expression of public sentiment in the above. The masses of the Democratic party are overwhelmingly opposed to the civil service bill, with all its absurdities and inconsistencies, but they have sufficient intelligence not to hold the President responsible for its evils, fully realizing the fact that as the head of the executive department of the government he has no option in the enforcement of a plain law.

Capt. John B. Broadfoot, Assistant Cashier of the People's National Bank, gives expression to the following manly and outspoken opinion:

I do not endorse President Cleveland's civil service reform policy, and I do believe, "To the victor belong the spoils." Believing this, and during the last campaign having heard so often the cry, "Turn the rascals out," I voted for Cleveland with good cheer. I unhesitatingly say, I am on the side of the majority, but Mr. Cleveland has many friends.

Lastly to your question, "Are your people in full sympathy with Mr. Cleveland's administration," I call aloud, "No."

Sprinkling the Streets.

We are glad to learn that an arrangement is about to be effected with Mr. J. D. McNeill, by which he agrees to keep certain portions of the public streets well-sprinkled during the dry weather of the coming summer. This is such a comfort and convenience as to be almost a necessity, and we know that if Mr. McNeill takes the matter in hand it will be well done. The following business men have agreed to "syndicate" in the sprinkling "pool" by the weekly payment of the amounts affixed to their names:

Walter Watson, 25 cents; H. R. Horne, 25 cents; W. N. Tillinghast, 25 cents; Brown & Roddick, $1.00; H. R. Novitzky & Bro., $1.00; Rose & Leak, $1.00; Miss Mary Smith, 25 cents; M. E. Dye, 50 cents; McNeill & Co., 50 cents; D. H. Ray & Co., 25 cents; Warren Prior & Son, 25 cents; Frank Thornton, $2.00; Pemberton & Prior, 50 cents; T. W. Broadfoot & Co., 25 cents; J. M. Beasley, 25 cents; S. Brandt, 25 cents; J. D. Brown & Co., 25 cents; Max Schlossberg, 25 cents; Chas. Haigh, 25 cents; A. S. Huske & Co., 25 cents; W. H. Atkinson, 25 cents; Geo. Brandt, 75 cents.

LOCAL TWINKLINGS.

Miss Ruth McIver, of Jonesboro, has been visiting friends in Fayetteville.

Fair supplies of shad and other fish are now appearing on the market.

Thanks to Mr. Daniel Orrell, of New York City, for late Northern papers.

Col. Carraway, of the *News and Observer*, was in town during the session of the Superior Court.

Mr. and Mrs. White have been paying a visit to the latter's relatives, the family of Mr. J. D. Williams.

Mr. John Blue, the former excellent State Senator for the counties of Cumberland and Harnett, paid us a call this week.

Col. L. L. Polk, editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, spent two or three days in town this week—genial and pleasant as ever.

Mr. Cobb, the energetic and ubiquitous agent of the Goldsboro *Messenger*, was in attendance on the session of the Superior Court.

Mr. W. C. Troy, a former prominent citizen of the town, now a resident of the western part of the State, visited his old home a few days ago.

Messrs. D. H. McLean, of Harnett; T. A. McNeill, of Robeson, and Frank McNeill, of Richmond, members of the bar, attended Superior Court.

The reporter tenders his acknowledgments to Mr. G. A. Thomson for a large package of best Lorillard tobacco from Thomson's Headquarters on Person street.

We had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. C. C. Lyon, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Bladen, during a visit he made last week to Fayetteville.

Mr. John Y. MacRae, of Raleigh, was here a few days since—called home by the serious illness of his father, Dr. J. A. MacRae, whose condition, we are very glad to know, is somewhat improved.

Miss Jones, of Wilmington, daughter of Col. L. C. Jones, has been making a visit to Mrs. Dr. Hunter, of this town.

Col. L. C. Jones, accompanied by his wife, have given their many friends the pleasure of meeting them during their short stay in Fayetteville. At every store door and street corner outstretched hands greet the popular former President of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway.

Now is about the time of year when the average citizen closes his store and is absent for three or four hours, causing his creditors to think that he has absconded, and his friends to spread the report that he is lying at the point of death with typhoid-pneumonia; when he sticks the rake through his foot, perilling his life by lock-jaw; when he smashes several of his wife's green-house windows with the weeding-hoe; when he fills his clothes with guano and other commercial fertilizer, so that he is a burden to his friends and an object for the "slow, unmoving finger of scorn" to point at—and all under the insane delusion that he is gardening!

GENERAL NEWS.

Three Million Dollars for the Improvement of the Mississippi River.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1886.—The House Committee on the levees and improvements of the Mississippi River has agreed to report favorably a bill to appropriate $3,000,000 to close gaps in and strengthen the levees of the Mississippi River, for the purpose of improving and giving safety to navigation and preventing destruction by floods.

A Terrible Crime—Two Ladies Murdered in Georgia.

MACON, GA., March 6, 1886.—Nine miles from Milledgeville, on Thursday evening, Miss Carrie B. Rains and niece, Miss Ella Humphreys, were murdered, both being shot in the neck. They were going to the house of Frank Humphreys, Ella's brother-in-law, accompanied by him. Yesterday morning he reported that the party were attacked by four masked men, himself beaten and the ladies killed. The evidence before the coroner pointed to Humphreys as the murderer, and he was arrested and put in jail. The body of Miss Humphreys bore evidence of her person having been outraged.

Civil Service Examinations in the South.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1886.—The Civil Service Commission gives notice that it will hold an examination for bookkeepers, stenographers and type-writers, at Norfolk, Va., on Friday, the 19th inst.; at Charleston, S. C., Monday, the 22d, and at Savannah, Ga., Thursday, the 25th—at 10 A. M., at the postoffice at each of these places. Persons wishing to attend either of these examinations should at once request the Commission to send them application blanks. The blanks must be filled out in due form and presented at the time and place of examination, as no person not presenting such applications can be examined.

A Republican Point.

Washington Letter in the Augusta Chronicle.

Mr. Reed, in his speech on Friday last, marked out what, I suppose, will be a stinging Republican retort for campaign purposes. He confronts the Democrats with two difficulties, formulated thus: You won your last election by desiring to turn the Republican rascals out. Where are the rascals? If you have turned any out, how dishonorable to refuse the proof of their misdeeds when called for by us in open session! You made many votes for Cleveland by the persistent demand of Hendricks to examine the books and count the treasure of the people. The books have been at your disposal, but no fraud is found and not a cent of money is missing.

The supreme answer to this is to be found in the fact that the President has allowed the Republican bookkepers to remain in charge of the documents.

The Senate Passes the Educational Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 5, 1886.—The Senate, after some unimportant preliminary business, took up the education bill. The amendment offered by Logan was agreed to, providing that the "Secretary of the Interior is charged with the proper administration of this law through the Commissioner of Education," and those two officers are authorized, with the approval of the President, to make all needful rules and regulations not inconsistent with the provisions of the bill, to carry out these provisions.

Logan said his object was to establish a sort of board, instead of leaving questions arising under the bill entirely to the Secretary of the Interior.

Other amendments were agreed to, requiring from State officers yearly reports of teachers' salaries, number of school districts, relative numbers of white and colored children, substituting the census of 1890 as the basis of apportionment, after that census shall have been taken; providing that if any State should decline or relinquish its quota of moneys under the bill, the amount so declined or relinquished should go to increase the quota of States accepting; requiring the Secretary of the Interior to investigate the complaints of unjust discriminations in the application of the funds, and including the District of Columbia in the bill.

A number of amendments looking to the regulation of studies in schools aided by this bill were rejected.

Plumb offered an amendment providing that no State should be entitled to any of this educational fund till it shall have filed with the Secretary of the Interior a sample of each school book in its common schools.

After considerable debate Plumb's amendment was rejected as a whole, but on his renewing part of the amendment requiring that samples of school books be filed in the Interior Department, without making the State's title to money depend on such filing, it was agreed to.

The other amendments of detail were made on motion of Edmunds, Evarts, Hale, Dolph, Blair, Ingalls, Teller, Eustis, Logan, Hampton and Conger. The bill having thus been perfected as in the committee of the whole, was agreed to. On motion of George the section setting forth that the design of the act was not to establish an independent school system in the States, but only to extend aid to the State governments, was restored by a unanimous vote.

Plumb, of Kansas, read some articles from the New York *Evening Post* to show that since the agitation of the question of national aid, the States of the South had not put forth their usual efforts for education.

The bill was then read the third time and passed; yeas 36, nays 11. A number of pairs were announced owing to the necessary absence of some Senators. The vote in detail is as follows:

Yeas—Berry, Blackburn, Blair, Bowen, Call, Colquitt, Conger, Cullom, Dolph, Eustis, Evarts, George, Gibson, Hoar, Jackson, Jones, of Arkansas, Kenna, Logan, Mahone, Manderson, Miller, of New York, Mitchell, of Oregon, Morrill, Palmer, Payne, Pugh, Ransom, Riddleberger, Sawyer, Spooner, Teller, Vance, VanWyck, Voorhees, Walthall and Wilson, of Iowa.

Nays—Cockrell, Coke, Frye, Gray, Hale, Harris, Ingalls, Jones, of Nevada, Maxey, Plumb and Wilson, of Maryland.

The Mortality of New Berne.

From the New Berne Journal.

Only one death among the whites in New Berne during the month of February, an infant two hours old. Since the 1st of October last, a period of five months, there have been seven deaths, three of whom were above sixty and two under one year old—a pretty good showing for health in a population of at least 2,500.

GENERAL FAYETTEVILLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1886.

N. C. BACON—		HIDES—	
Hog Round,	8@9	Flint—good,	10@11
Sides,	9	Flint—damaged,	5@8
Hams,	10@11	Dry Salt,	9@10
WEST. BULK MEATS—		Green,	5
Sides,	6½	IRON—	
Shoulders,	5	American,	3
WESTERN BACON—		Swedes,	5@6
Sides,	7½	LARD—	
Hams,	13@14	N. Carolina,	10
Shoulders,	6	Western,	8@10
RAGGING,	10½@12	LEATHER—	
BEEF—		Up country,	35@40
On foot,	2@3	Sole, Hemlock,	25@27
Dressed,	6@7	Harness, c'ntry,	30
BEESWAX,	20@21	MOLASSES,	25@40
BUTTER—		NAILS—	
North Carolina,	20@25	(10d basis),	3.00
Northern,	25@35	PORK—	
COFFEE—		Fresh,	6@6½
Java,	22@25	Mess,	(None.)
Rio,	9@12½	POTATOES—	
COTTON YARN,	85@95	Sweet,	35@40
COTTON TIES,	1.15@1.40	Irish—bbl.,	3.00@3.25
CHICKENS,	20	SALT,	90@1.00
EGGS,	10	SUGARS—	
FLOUR—		Coffee,	6½@7½
N. C. Family,	(None.)	Granulated,	7½@9
West. Fam.,	4.00@7.00	SHEETINGS,	6
FODDER,	85	SHUCKS,	45
GRAIN—		TALLOW,	5
Corn—new,	60@65	WOOL,	16
Oats,	55@60	SPIRITS—	
Rye,	90	Corn Whisky,	1.45
Peas—new,	60@65	Rye Whisky,	1.65
HAY—		Apple Brandy,	1.65
N. Carolina,	40@60	Peach Brandy,	2.00
Northern,	1.00@1.25		

Fayetteville Cotton and Naval Stores Market.

COTTON.—The market opened on Monday of this week at 8½ cents, and advanced on Tuesday and yesterday to 8¾ cents.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits was steady yesterday at 45½ cents.

Rosin was dull, prices ranging from 55 and 60 cents for common to $2.50 for fine grades.

Crude Turpentine—Hard 80@$1.00, Yellow Dip $1.50, Virgin $1.70.

Wilmington Market.

Special Telegram to Observer and Gazette.

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 10, 1886.—Middling cotton closes steady at 8¼ cents. Spirits quiet at 48 cents. Rosin firm at 80 cents for Strained and 85 cents for Good Strained.

WORTH & WORTH.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ALL SCIENTISTS KNOW THE PRONENESS of insects to deposit their eggs in decayed fruit. What creates worms in the human body? Think of this, and give Shriner's Indian Vermifuge occasionally to your children.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Prices cheerfully given—WITH CLOSE FIGURES—in my

Crockery

—and—

Glassware.

TINWARE SOLD FOR A SONG.

At Headquarters.

GEO. A. THOMSON.

Carolina Baking Powder

NEWSPAPERS AND MEDICAL JOURNALS have been full of allusions to hurtful adulterations and impurities in articles of food—especially in Baking Powders. I place one on the market of *guaranteed purity*, manufactured with the care and precision exercised in compounding prescriptions. It is put up in full weight, half-pound cans, containing no alum or other cheapening ingredients. One trial will prove its merit. Manufactured by

H. R. HORNE.

mar 11 1m Fayetteville, N. C.

SEED.

D. M. FERRY'S Farm, Field, Garden and Flower.

CROSMAN BROS.' " " " " "

Seed Potatoes,

Carefully selected and unhoused since the freeze,

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

For Sale Cheap.

A GENTLEMAN LEAVING THIS SECTION desires to sell CHEAP his CARRIAGES, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c. Address M. O.,

mar 11 tf Hope Mills, N. C.

McNEILL & STOUT,

In the "West" Building, Upper Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.

GROCERIES,

Crockery, Plows, Castings, &c.

☞ Their country friends will find good accommodation for man and beast in their back yard.

mar 11-1y

A FINE PONY,

SUITABLE FOR LIGHT BUGGY or SADDLE, is offered at a bargain. Apply at Geo. A. Burns's Livery Stables.

mar 11-1t FRANK THORNTON.

You Can Find

Sweet and Irish Potatoes,

Cabbage, Celery,

Beans and Peas,

Baldwin Apples,

Sweet Oranges,

Sour Lemons,

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

J. E. GARRETT,

Book and Job Printer,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

SOLICITS ORDERS FOR PAMPHLET WORK, General Letter-Press Printing, Blanks of all kinds, and every description of printing.

Oct. 8, 1885. tf

BUY

YOUR FERRIS HAMS, N. C. HAMS, WESTERN HAMS, BEEF TONGUES, FULTON MARKET BEEF, DRIED BEEF, ROE HERRING, MACKEREL AND COD FISH

At Headquarters,

G. A. THOMSON.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BEFORE GOING NORTH

(SPRING, 1886,)

ROSE & LEAK

have made some careful selections by sample of

Seasonable Goods

to meet the usual demand which comes with the first warm days of early spring, consisting of

ALL VARIETIES OF

White Goods,

Checked and X Bar Muslins,

Victoria Lawns

And INDIA LINENS.

A large lot of

HAMBURG EMBROIDERY,

Oriental and other Laces in "all-over" effects and tinted shades,

RIBBONS and TRIMMINGS.

Also a beautiful lot of the latest styles of

DRESS GOODS:

Ellen Terry Cloths,

Danubian Suitings,

Paris Stripes

And Summer Silks.

A large variety of

DRESS GINGHAMS,

(Very pretty.)

NEW PRINTS,

NEW STYLE BUTTONS,

Light Shades in

KIDS AND OTHER GLOVES.

A large lot of

JERSEYS,

(Always a useful article of dress.)

A splendid lot of

MISSES' and CHILDREN'S HOSIERY.

A large variety of

"Scrim" and other Curtain goods.

A full line of

Housefurnishing Goods:

Towels,

Sheetings,

Damasks, etc.,

Table and Floor Oil Cloths,

Mattings, etc.

Prices have been reduced to close out the balance of the large stock of Carpets and Rugs.

The Wholesale Department

(On 2nd Floor)

Has been recruited by

10,000 Yds. N. C. PLAIDS,

A large variety of

Cottonades,

Domestics,

Prints,

Jeans

And other goods.

☞ The attention of THE TRADE is called to these goods.

The SHOE DEPARTMENT

was never so complete as now. It embraces all grades, from the

Coarse Brogan and Women's Pegged Shoes

——To the Finest——

ZIEGLER

And other hand-made work.

The Hat Department

is also very complete. Many new styles have been received, including the

Celebrated "STETSON" Make.

Also, the latest blocks in Stiff Brim and Silk Hats.

At ROSE & LEAK'S

You can find

Ziegler Shoes,

Centimeri Kid Gloves,

C. P. Corsets,

DIAMOND SHIRTS,

Coats' Cotton,

E. & W. Collars and Cuffs.

The LADIES do not forget that the

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

can be had in Fayetteville ONLY OF ROSE & LEAK.

☞ Subscriptions to the DELINEATOR received.

All patterns at New York prices.

☞ ROSE & LEAK'S store is first-class in every respect, and they are determined to maintain the high character they have won for honest and fair dealing and polite attention to all.

ROSE & LEAK.

mar 11-1m

ROSE & LEAK. Announcement to their Patrons and the Public for the SPRING of 1886.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPRING SILKS.

SPRING SILKS

Spring Silks.

It is with real pleasure that we direct especial attention to our new arrivals of the most complete and beautiful lines of SILKS ever exhibited in the State.

Check Silks.

Prices 50c., 75c. and $1.00.

These goods are increasing in popularity every season. They are very stylish, and we show an unrivaled array.

Plain Silks.

Prices 75c. and $1.00.

In these goods our assortment represents all the colors recognized by the fashionable world. They are very handsome, and the assortment is elaborate.

Black Silks.

Prices 55c., 75c., 95c., $1.25, $1.50.

We pride ourselves on the exclusive handling of the finest brands and grades of these goods brought to this city, and Ladies appreciate this fact, as is evinced by our rapidly increasing sales in this department.

Orders.

It is perfectly useless to order Silks from the Northern markets now, as I carry as complete lines as any retail stores on Broadway, and cheerfully and with promptness mail samples on application.

FRANK THORNTON.

SPRING SILKS

FRANK THORNTON.

mar 11-1t

I Guarantee My Butter

FOR PURITY AND SWEETNESS.

THE FINEST CREAM CHEESE,

ITALIAN MACCARONI

Always in stock

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Fayetteville National Bank,

AT FAYETTEVILLE,

In the State of North Carolina, at the close of business March 1, 1886.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts,	$328,932 15
Overdrafts,	44 66
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	50,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages,	2,566 90
Due from other National Banks,	4,907 83
Due from State Banks and bankers,	12,359 22
Real estate, furniture and fixtures,	10,820 78
Current expenses and taxes paid,	105 09
Premiums paid,	4,290 00
Checks and other cash items,	164 20
Bills of other Banks,	8,090 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies,	626 54
Specie,	6,291 00
Legal tender notes,	19,732 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation),	2,260 00
Total,	$451,190 37

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in,	$200,000 00
Surplus fund,	57,050 00
Undivided profits,	5,826 75
National Bank notes outstanding,	39,880 00
Individual deposits subject to check,	85,259 32
Demand certificates of deposit,	12,880 00
Time certificates of deposit,	50,792 19
Cashier's checks outstanding,	76 00
Due to other National Banks,	6,243 32
Due to State Banks and bankers,	172 79
Notes and bills re-discounted,	12,000 00
Total,	$451,190 37

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND, } SS.

I, Wm. Huske, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

WM. HUSKE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of March, 1886. W. T. TAYLOR, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:—J. D. WILLIAMS, E. J. LILLY, A. A. McKETHAN, JR., } Directors.

mar 11 1t

FLOUR and MEAL

ARE LEADING CONSIDERATIONS.

The best goods that can be had. I pay especial attention to my FLOUR TRADE.

GEO. A. THOMSON,

Headquarters.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The People's National Bank

AT FAYETTEVILLE,

In the State of North Carolina, at the close of business March 1, 1886.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts,	$222,403 58
Overdrafts,	4,436 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	32,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages,	136 00
Due from approved reserve agents,	13,888 27
Due from other National Banks,	1,929 43
Real estate, furniture and fixtures,	6,765 54
Current expenses and taxes paid,	325 45
Checks and other cash items,	3,226 86
Bills of other Banks,	2,167 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies,	150 35
Specie,	3,970 00
Legal tender notes,	17,311 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation),	1,440 00
Total,	$310,149 48

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in,	$125,000 00
Surplus fund,	31,000 00
Undivided profits,	4,734 25
National bank notes outstanding,	28,800 00
Dividends unpaid,	590 00
Individuals deposits subject to check,	96,139 95
Time certificates of deposit,	1,820 47
Cashier's checks outstanding,	112 00
Due to other National Banks,	1,952 81
Notes and bills re-discounted,	20,000 00
Total,	$310,149 48

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND, } SS.

I, G. P. McNeill, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. P. McNEILL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of March, 1886. JNO. B. BROADFOOT, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: G. BRANDT, E. F. MOORE, J. B. STARR, } Directors.

mar 11-1t

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY

WE SAY

THE CLIPPER PLOW

IS THE BEST.

BECAUSE—It took the Premium at the State Fair in 1880 over twelve of the leading Plows in use in the South.

We have received a diploma for it from the Cumberland County Fair in 1885.

BECAUSE—We have received the following endorsements from "good and true" men, as successful farmers as this section affords:

Bunn's Level, Harnett Co., N. C., Jan. 20, 1886.
"The Boy Clipper" is one of the best plows made.
D. S. WILLIAMS.

Lillington, Harnett Co., N. C., Jan. 20, 1886.
The "Boy Clipper" is not surpassed by any plow that I have ever used. N. McSTEWART.

Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 23, 1886.
I consider the "Clipper Plow" a first-class plow in every respect. J. B. HUSKE.

Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 26, 1886.
I have used the "Boy Clipper Plow" for two years, and do not expect to buy any other as long as I can get that. J. C. VAUGHN.

Blackman's Mills, Sampson Co., Jan. 23, 1836.
I have used the "Clipper Plow," and find it the best I can get for stiff land. WESTBROOK LEE.

Bunn's Level, Harnett Co., Jan. 30, 1886.
I have used the "Boy Clipper Plow" on stiff land, and can find none that does the work better.
W. J. BETHUNE.

Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 30, 1886.
I think the "Boy Clipper" the best plow made; it is the best I have ever tried. D. J. BREECE.

Belvidere Farm, Feb. 1, 1886.
The "Boy Clipper" is the best cast plow made. It never fails to go in the ground, and the points last as long as two of any other kind. ALEX. GILES.

Manchester, Feb. 2, 1886.
I have used the "Clipper Plow" for two years, and with general satisfaction. W. J. KELLY.

Gainey's Store, Feb. 2, 1886.
I have tried and worked the "Clipper Plow" for the past three years, and find it the best I can get.
GILBERT MONROE.

Fayetteville, N. C., Feb. 6, 1886.
The "Boy Clipper" I consider the best plow made. It never chokes and runs as easy as any plow I ever followed. JAMES D. GEDDIE.

Fayetteville, Feb. 9, 1886.
I have never ploughed with a plow that I like as well as I do the "Clipper." E. H. VAUGHN.

Queensdale, Robeson Co., Feb. 9, 1886.
I have been ploughing for the past fifteen years, and think the "Clipper Plow" the best I have ever used. H. A. LEACH.

Swann's Station, Feb. 9, 1886.
I prefer the "Clipper Plow" to any plow I have ever used. It never fails to turn the undergrowth under. J. M. HOLDER.

Fayetteville, N. C., Feb. 9, 1886.
I like the "Clipper Plow" better than any plow I have ever used, and am putting it in the place of my other plows as fast as they wear out.
J. H. HUBBARD.

Cedar Creek, N. C., Feb. 11, 1886.
The "Boy Clipper" is the best plow I ever ran. It will turn the dirt and will not choke.
G. W. WEST.

Fayetteville, Feb. 11, 1886.
I will say I have used from the A. 6, 35 and 40 to the "Atlas," and have never yet found any Plow that equals the "Clipper." On the other hand it surpasses all I have ever ploughed with.
J. A. McPHERSON.

Shannon, Robeson Co., Feb. 11, 1886.
The "Boy Clipper" is the best. I have never ploughed with a Plow that I like better.
W. S. JOHNSON.

Fayetteville, Feb. 13, 1886.
The "Clipper Plow" is as good as was ever stuck in the ground. I have tried most all the different kinds in use in this country, and think the "Clipper" the best. ALONZO M. WHITE.

Little River Academy, N. C., Feb. 13, 1886.
I consider the "Boy Clipper" the best Plow for turning under stubble, and one of the best for any other use. J. H. WILLIAMS.

Fayetteville, N. C., Feb. 13, 1886.
The "Clipper" is just as good a Plow as I want.
J. A. WILLIFORD.

Fayetteville, N. C., Feb. 13, 1886.
I was one of the first men to get the "Clipper" Plow in 71st Township. It is the best I ever tried. Of all turning Plows, it has no equal.
N. P. CLARK.

Fayetteville, N. C., Feb. 18, 1886.
I have used the "Clipper" Plow for one season, and find it the best I have ever used. I would not be without it for two or three times the price of it.
R. GAINEY.

Fayetteville, N. C., Feb. 18, 1886.
I have used the "Clipper" Plow one season, and like it better than any Plow I have used.
J. D. NOTT.

Little River Academy, N. C., Feb. 18, 1886.
The No. 7 "Clipper" (2 horse Plow) is the best Plow I ever saw or used. H. D. CAMERON.

Fayetteville, Feb. 19, 1886.
The "Clipper" Plow is the best I have ever used, and I have tried some of all kinds.
J. D. WORRELL.

Blocker's, N. C., Feb. 19, 1886.
I think the "Clipper" the best turn Plow I have ever used. A. C. BULLARD.

Wakulla, Robeson Co., Feb. 19, 1886.
I can recommend the "Boy Clipper" Plow. I have not used any that pleased me better.
JAS. McBRYDE.

Kyle's Landing, Feb. 19, 1886.
The "Clipper" is the best Plow I ever used. I don't care to use any other. D. F. McDONALD.

Little River Academy, Feb. 19, 1886.
I regard the "Clipper" one of the best plows I have used. FARQ'D SMITH.

☞ We are thoroughly convinced that the "Clipper" is unsurpassed, and do not hesitate to recommend it. Call and examine, buy and try it; if you are not satisfied return it and get your money refunded. We have in stock a full line of

Farming Implements, Wheelbarrows, etc.,

to which we call especial attention. Try one of the

WETMORE'S RIVET SEAM COLLARS.

We are agents for them.

Our Stock of Groceries

We never allow to go down,

so we believe we are prepared to do as well by you as can be done elsewhere. Call and see us before making your purchases. You will find a welcome.

A. S. HUSKE & CO.

feb 25-tf

OATS

At Headquarters.

G. A. THOMSON.

HENRY L. COOK,

Attorney at Law,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

All business entrusted to his care will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

☞ May be found at the office of Thomas H. Sutton, Esq. jan 7-tf

Hog-Killin' Time.

You kin talk about yer watermellion red as any rose,
Wid de rin' jes' as green as any grass;
An' de black seeds a-stickin' in de pulp lik' crows—
But gimme de shoat an' apple-sass.
Fur yer mellion so scrump'shus I would'n gib a dime,
But how dis nigga's wishin' fur de hog-killin' time!

You kin argy 'bout yer buckwheat cakes an' butter mighty hot,
An' 'bout de tas' ob chickens on de spit;
You kin preach about yer 'possum when you lif' him f'm de pot,
But yer talk doan' alterfy de ting a bit:—
You kin put it in de reg'lar way, or put it in de rhyme,
Dat dis heah nigga's waitin' fur de hog-killin' time!

Jes' tink about de puddin' and de glor'ous tender chine,
De sassidge an' de hominy an' dat;
Reflee' upon de subjec' ob de spar'-ribs—my! dey's fine—
An' talk about de bacon lined wid fat.
Dere's udder tings dat's mighty good, dere's meat dat's mighty prime,
But, golly! how I'se longin' fur de hog-killin' time!

—Dureа Morgan Smith in the Century.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A Very Emotional War Veteran.

From the Boston Illuminator.

The company of scarred war veterans had gathered in the town hall and were enjoying a glorious reunion. Baked beans and coffee were circulating briskly; reminiscences of the terrible war and tales of glory and hardship were the order of the day. All hearts grew tender, and many voices were husky with feeling as the old soldiers recounted their experiences. Suddenly an old, white-haired man, clad in tattered garments, darted past the doorkeeper into the hall and flung himself, sobbing, upon the commander's neck.

"Prison—down South—suffering—three years!" he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of emotion.

"What!" cried the commander, "another old veteran? Welcome, comrade, to our humble feast."

An eager group gathered about him, and a dozen questions were asked:

"What year?"
"What company?"
"Libby?"
"Andersonville?"
"Castle Thunder?"

The old hero waved his hand majestically, and said, as distinctly as he could:

"How can I recall the awful tale? My bleeding heart shrinks from reopening its wounds. Let the benediction of peace flood our weary souls with rest. I am an emotional old man."

"You are right," said the commander, deeply touched by the veteran's words; "let joy rule this happy hour. Sit down and partake with us."

They brought him refreshments, which he seemed to appreciate immensely, and treated him as their most honored guest. He adjusted himself around four plates of beans, two pieces of pie and five cups of coffee, and then fell to work steadily on the sandwiches.

"How sweet," said he at length, "to meet thus, so linked in the indissoluble bonds of fraternal love! Ah, how it fills my heart—and stomach! Excuse me if I wipe away a happy tear. I am an emotional old man."

All sat in reverent silence before the old hero, until he began on his twenty-seventh sandwich. Then the commander, whose heart was overflowing with sympathy, asked in pity:

"And did they treat you harshly in those accursed rebel prisons?"

"What rebel prisons?" said the veteran.

"Did you not say that you were in a Southern prison?"

"Oh, yes. I only got out last year. I got three years down in Texas for borrowing a mule. It makes me tired now, to think of it. I am an emo——"

The corporal tried to strike him, and the commander tried to trip him, and the doorkeeper tried to grab him; but he slipped from the hall like a bullet from a gun, and the thought of the way in which he had beguiled them rendered the entire company emotional in the highest degree.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Charlotte Russe.

One pint of cream sweetened, flavored and whipped to a froth; three teacupfuls of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of four eggs; beat together and boil; then have the whites beaten to a stiff froth and mix with the cream; when the custard is milk-warm beat three tablespoonfuls of gelatine dissolved in half a cupful of boiling water into the mixture, adding the cream and eggs. Have a dish lined with lady fingers or sliced sponge cake, pour in the custard, cover with layers of cake and set in a cool place until ready for use.

Scotch Short-Cake.

Take half a pound of slightly-salted butter and one pound of flour; then mix them well by hand, adding four ounces of loaf sugar and working all into a smooth ball; then roll out the paste to the thickness of half an inch, pricking the surface over with a fork and pinching in the edges. Bake in square or round tins in a moderately hot oven for half an hour.

Sliced Potato Pudding.

Slice eight or ten medium-sized potatoes as thin as possible, drop them into hot water and boil for a few minutes. Have ready such a batter as you would make for fritters; put a layer of potatoes into a deep pan or dish, sprinkle with spice or nutmeg, then a layer of batter, and so on until the dish is full. Bake in a quick oven, and serve hot with sauce.

Southern Batter-Bread.

Two cupfuls of white corn meal, one cupful of cold boiled rice, three eggs well-beaten, one teaspoonful of melted butter, two and a half cupfuls of milk or enough for a soft batter, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Beat well for three minutes and bake quickly in shallow pans.

Biscuit Pudding.

Break up three or four biscuits, add a tablespoonful of butter, pour a little boiling water over it and mash fine; add two eggs beaten with a cupful of sugar and a cupful of buttermilk, with a teaspoonful of soda. Beat together, grate nutmeg over the top and bake in a quick oven.

Egg Custard.

For two custards take three eggs beaten very light, two cupfuls of sweet milk, a teacupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of corn-starch. Flavor to taste, though lemon is best, and bake quickly.

Charlotte Muffins.

One quart of flour, three eggs beaten separately, three cupfuls of sweet milk and a little salt; mix quickly, beat well and fill the hot irons half full.

THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

THE CORN CROP.

The Old Way of Planting Still Holds Its Own.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

As the time for planting corn is approaching, we propose saying a few words on the past and present cultivation of the crop. We suppose that forty to fifty years ago means "old times." In preparing corn ground at that time a different process was followed than the present, but not as we see it stated, by merely throwing two rough furrows of unplowed ground together, and after running cross furrows to simply plant the corn on top of the ridge. We do not mean to say that this miserable way was not pursued by some lazy or ignorant farmers, but it was not the common way by any means; indeed, we never saw it followed, though accustomed to notice farming for some sixty years. This, however, was the way most followed: Manure and plow the land, harrow thoroughly, and then run two opposite furrows and also run like cross furrows. Planting on the top of the little ridge by this means made the rows uniform both ways, and admitted freely of plowing and harrowing (there being no "cultivator" at that time,) both ways if necessary. This plan was more laborious than the present one, and more "scientific." The crops produced by it on good farms were as abundant as now. For many years after the present method was introduced this was continued as the best, and that looked upon as lacking in skill and good sense. But as a rule far more attention is paid to the crop now than forty or fifty years ago. It was always customary to either manure in the hill or apply 'plaster' after the plant had grown two or three inches. And we repeat that we have witnessed as fine crops of corn by the old method as we have by the new. This much we feel enjoined to say in behalf of the way our fathers and grandfathers cultivated the corn crop.

A few years ago, on the strength of an experiment or two by one of our agricultural colleges, which seemed to show a gain of from 10 to 15 per cent. in the product of drilled-over-the-hill system of planting corn, a number of farmers at different points adopted the drill system, and for one or two seasons thought it the best, but we believe nearly or quite all of them have abandoned it and returned to hill-planting. We were satisfied at the time of the experiments alluded to that, being experiments, much extra care had been bestowed upon the crop, that they did not furnish reliable information, and that the old way could not be improved on. And this has turned out to be the case. In this section, in noticing hundreds of cornfields last year, we did not encounter one that had been drilled, though there may be still here and there one that follows this method.

It is so with a great many new ways and things. They are sent forth with a loud blast of the trumpet, and they everywhere find more or less believers, who will not be convinced they are going to make a worthless investment until they find their fingers burnt. Farmers as well as other people should keep their eyes open as to new ways and things involving money.

The Management of Manure.

From the Dixie Farmer.

Most farmers are composting the wastes of the farm with cotton seed and other things, preparatory to spreading on their crops this spring; while others are raking into piles, and some hauling to the fields. In the majority of instances these heaps are left uncovered, leaving the heavy rains to leach the soluble salts and cause the escape into the atmosphere of ammonia and the volatile gases. These are the valuable constituents of all manures; their value is in the amount of soluble matter they contain—for it is only this that can be assimilated by the plant.

Many imagine that water falling on a heap does no injury, unless it flows off thick and muddy with substances contained therein. But the valuable portion of manure gives no turbidity when dissolved in water, and water creeping through the most concentrated manure will run of as clear as glass, carrying with it the main element of its value. A little water, filtered through a small quantity of guano, will go off colorless, taking fifty per cent. of the guano. Every drop of water falling upon a pile takes off a good deal of its fertilizing properties, hence the indispensable need of sheltering all our manure; if in no other way, cover a foot deep with good soil or loam, and on top of this enough straw to shed the water so as to prevent leaching and to absorb escaping gases. Before putting on the loam throw on a bushel or two of land plaster. Spontaneous decomposition will take place very shortly, the product of which can be assimilated by the plants.

Profit in Poultry Raising.

From the Pacific Poultry Gazette.

That the breeding and rearing of poultry for either fancy, pleasure or profit is an exceedingly profitable business is such an established fact that it seems as if we might use it as one of the leading industries of our country; and yet there is a small majority who will contend that it will not pay to raise poultry. But such people fail to look at the question for a moment to see if it is true. Consult the statistical records of our products for the year of 1882, and you will find that the amount of cotton raised was valued at $410,000,000, the dairy was valued at $254,000,000, hay, $306,000,000, wheat, $488,000,000, and poultry products, $550,000,000, an amount of the latter over the largest of all other products of $72,000,000, and yet many claim it to be unprofitable, and that it is a business principally adapted to the care of invalids and women, and that it is beneath the dignity of a gentleman to engage in it.

Feeding Bees.

Bees fed at any season means accelerated activity. A little honey clandestinely obtained sets the whole colony in an uproar. When bees are fed in the evening, if the air is frosty, numbers will sally out to the entrance to make believe they are bringing in stores from the fields, nor do they forget the good luck when the morning comes. Thus feeding in April to stimulate to brood-rearing does not result in gain, and often is the means of a positive loss, as the increase of young bees no more than balances the loss of the old ones. The bee is best let alone during the critical period of our spring weather.

Shaping Young Trees.

An experienced orchardist says that shaping trees may be easily effected, taken in time, by summer pruning and pinching. A needless or misplaced shoot, which might become a conspicuous distortion if left to grow, is rubbed off with the thumb when an inch or two long. Branches which are running out too long are stopped by pinching off the ends. By these means a handsome and symmetrical head is easily given to a young tree.

Soft warm food for poultry in the morning and whole corn at night are good for a cold weather diet.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Items of Interest at Home and Abroad.

Two million tons of ice have been gathered from the Hudson.

Clara Louise Kellogg's Southern tour is proving very successful.

The latest things in guests' visiting cards have rice sprinkled on them.

Mrs. Burnett is pushing her pen through the chapters of another novel.

Kentuckians continue to talk of Mr. Carlisle as a candidate for the Senate.

General Hancock used to say that Sheridan was "a whirlwind with spurs."

Mr. Booth's gross receipts for thirteen weeks in Boston exceeded $130,000.

Anna Dickinson is said by New York papers to be seeking another theatrical engagement.

The last slave sold in Virginia in the spring of 1865 for a hundred head of cabbage plants.

Dead horses are quoted in London now at 15 shillings. Last year they were worth £2 or £2 10s.

Susan B. Anthony asserts that twenty-six United States Senators are in favor of woman's suffrage.

The only Presidents who were never in Congress are Washington, Taylor, Grant, Arthur and Cleveland.

If anybody doubts the inventive genius of the Yankee, let him look at the 22,000 patents issued last year.

Fifteen sculptors have submitted plans and models for the monument to General Robert E. Lee, proposed to be erected at Richmond, Va.

Miss Alice Longfellow held a large card reception on the 27th ult., the first entertainment that has been given in the old Craige house since the death of the poet.

Mrs. Desdemona Wadsworth Fullmer Smith, who died recently in Salt Lake City, aged seventy-five years, was one of the first of Prophet Joe Smith's wives.

Congressman Mills, of Texas, is an earnest student of history. He sees nothing of social life, except at home, and never goes out at night, except in company with his wife.

Lord Tennyson says he would like to come to America for the purpose of visiting the grave of Edgar Allan Poe, in comparison with whom he rates Bryant and Whittier as pigmies.

Within a few days the publishers of General Grant's memoirs have sent to the widow a check for $200,000—her share of the profits on the sale of the first volume. The second volume insures a like amount.

Electric lighting has attracted a total investment of $70,000,000 in this country, it was stated at the Electrical Convention in Baltimore. There are in the United States 95,000 arc lights and 250,000 incandescent lamps in use.

Albert Victor Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is described as a shy, pale, boyish-looking young fellow, who doesn't look his twenty-two years. He is devotedly attached to his mother, whom he resembles in character and features.

Jeff Davis is described by the latest visitor to Beauvoir as standing erect and showing no signs of senility or decay. He dresses in black, wears a planter's broad-brimmed hat and carries a cane, more from habit than necessity. His hair and full beard are white and flowing.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, one of the richest and simplest men in the State, usually rides in the street cars in going to and from the Senate. At dinner he generally has a friend for a guest, to whom he talks confidentially behind his hand, so that he shall not be overheard.

VALUABLE INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS.

The Sparrow at Home.

The English sparrow, it is said, does £4,000,000 damage to farmers in England alone. They are a great pest in grain fields, requiring boys to drive them off and kill as many as possible.

The Growth of London.

London increases its population by 46,000 every year. It has 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in its port every day. Its beer shops and liquor saloons would, if placed side by side, form a row seventy-eight miles long. Thirty-eight thousand drunkards are brought before its magistrates every year, and every Sunday seventy miles of open shops invite the purchaser to enter.

Alcohol in Medicine.

At the recent opening of a new addition to the London Temperance Hospital—an establishment started to test the question as to the value of alcohol in the treatment of disease—it was stated that in only three out of upward of 3,000 cases last year had alcohol been used. In these three cases no sensible benefit had resulted, while the average mortality in the hospital since 1873 had been but five per cent. The number of patients treated since the commencement was 22,500.

The Whale Fishery.

The whale fishery on the coast of Maine has come to an end. It not only proved an unprofitable industry, but the stench from the factories at Boothbay and Bristol was intolerable. The whales found off the coast were plenty in number, and were easily captured with bomb lances. While the blubber of an Arctic whale is generally two feet in thickness, that of the humpbacks, which is the species found on the Maine coast, rarely, if ever, exceeds three inches. The yield of a humpback is some twenty to thirty barrels, and is a low grade oil. During the existence of the industry nearly one hundred whales have been shot. Three steamers were employed and nearly one hundred men. The capital invested in steamers, factories, etc., was $30,000.

The Wages of Women.

From the Philadelphia Iron.

The Commissioner of Labor Statistics in New York estimates that there are 200,000 women employed in the various trades in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Of this vast army only those engaged in the trades of printing, cigar-making and hat-making receive the same wages for the same work as do men. It is among the sewing women, however, that the commissioner finds the most abject poverty and the most glaring injustice on the part of employers. He tells of a personal visit to a tenement house, in one room of ten feet square of which he found six women and four sewing machines. The women were making costly cloaks of the latest style, such as retail at prices varying from $35 to $75 each. It cost two women a day's work of sixteen hours to make one of these cloaks, for which they receive the princely sum of $1, or fifty cents each. Out of this meagre sum they must pay rent and buy food and clothing. He found, as a rule, that women received from $1.50 to $3 a dozen for making pantaloons, 15 to 35 cents apiece for vests, 75 cents to $1.50 a dozen for shirts and from 75 cents to $1.25 a dozen for overalls.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GRAPE CURE.

Sal-Muscatelle
IN AMERICA
WITHOUT THE EXPENSE OF AN EUROPEAN JOURNEY!

The crystallized salts, as obtained in a pure state fr grapes and choice fruit, in a portable, palatable, simple form, are now presented to the public of America as the grandest resolvent of impure blood, corrector of the liver and regulator of the bowels—the natural promoter of

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

Eminent physicians claim this achievement a new era in the allied science of medicine, as it furnishes the blood with its natural salines that are lost or eliminated every day.

Sal-Muscatelle
A POSITIVE, NATURAL

Sick Headache and Dyspepsia Cure.

Sal-Muscatelle is Nature's own product. It applies to the system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it is the simplest and best preventive and cure for all functional derangements of the liver and its kindred ailments; prevents the absorption of malarial diseases—fevers of all kinds; counteracts the effects of bad air, poor drainage and impure water; a powerful oxydizer of the blood; a natural specific for all skin eruptions, sick headaches, biliousness, nervousness, mental depression, and will remove the effects of accidental indigestion from excessive eating and drinking. Have it in your home and on your travels. It is a specific for the fagged, weary or worn-out.

Prepared by the
LONDON SAL-MUSCATELLE CO.,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Beware of imitations. The genuine in "blue wrappers only."

☞ Send for circulars to G. EVANOVITCH, General American Manager, P. O. Box 1968, New York City.

Mention this paper.

—AGENT—
B. E. SEDBERRY, Druggist,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

feb 4-1y

JAS. R. McNEILL & SON,

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers,

Furniture Upholstered and Varnished,

ALWAYS on hand a full stock of Wooden, White Glass and Metalic Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes all sizes and styles.

All orders filled promptly *night* or day.

☞ Hearse furnished in town or country

We are also prepared to furnish

TOMBSTONES and MONUMENTS,

in any style. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. McNEILL & SON,
Fayetteville, N. C.

March 12, 1885. 103-tf

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hog Cholera.
Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes in Fowls.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
Foutz's Powders will give Satisfaction.
Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by

H. R. HORNE,
dec 24-1y Fayetteville, N. C

FOR COUGHS AND CROUP USE
TAYLOR'S
CHEROKEE REMEDY
OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN.

The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name, growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the mucus producing the early morning cough, and stimulates the child to throw off the false membrane in croup or whooping-cough. When combined with the healing mucilaginous principle in the mullein plant of the old fields, presents in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein the finest known remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping-Cough and Consumption; and so palatable, any child is pleased to take it. Ask your druggist for it. Price, 25c. and $1. WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

Use DR. BIGGER'S HUCKLEBERRY CORDIAL for Diarrhea, Dysentery and Children Teething. For sale by all druggists.

Sept. 3, 1885 ly

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Guano. Kainit. Acid.

The attention of FARMERS and the public generally is invited to the fact that I am now receiving my first consignment of

FERTILIZERS,

which consists of

4,000 BAGS SEA FOWL AND BRADLEY'S GUANO.
1,000 BAGS ACID, (Charleston),
1,000 " KAINIT, (German), *direct.*

Sea Fowl Guano

is the oldest brand sold in this State, and is fully up to standard.

During the season I shall keep constantly on hand full lines of

Bacon, Corn, Oats,
Sugar, Coffee, Molasses,
Tobacco, Flour, Soap,
Concentrated Lye, &c.

☞ All of which I offer for sale on reasonable terms.

jan 7-4m E. F. MOORE.

—AT—

PEMBERTON & PRIOR'S
NEW DRUG STORE.

PURE and GENUINE MEDICINES,
FRESH GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS,
Fine Perfumery, Tooth and Hair Brushes, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.
ALSO, ALL THE
Leading Patent Medicines of the Day.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully Compounded Day and Night.

feb 11-tf

OVERBAUGH HOUSE,

A. OVERBAUGH, Proprietor,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THE LIBERAL PATRONAGE OF COMMERcial Agents and travelers is a sufficient guarantee of its excellent accommodations and good management. It stands among the first hotels of the State. Owned by the proprietor, every effort possible is put forth for the pleasure and comfort of its guests.

oct 20 6m

A. GARRASON,
—DEALER IN—
HEAVY and FANCY GROCERIES,
General Family Supplies,
HAY STREET,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

aug 13 131 tf

TOBACCO!

The Durham Bull Tobacco Fertilizer
ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION!

It is excellent for plant beds, does not burn the young plant, and insures a quick and vigorous growth. There is none superior to the old reliable

"STAR BRAND"
SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE.

It gives the plant a quick growth and silky texture, and causes it to yellow finely on the hill.

☞ All for sale by

A. E. RANKIN & CO.
Feb. 18. 4m

MERCHANT MILLS.

The Old Reliable Again to the Front!

IN STOCK and to arrive, all kinds of GRAIN. With a double set of Burrs I am able to turn out a large quantity of Meal per day and can thus offer special inducements to buyers of Ground Stuff.

Flouring Mill in first class order.

Feed Meal—corn, peas and oats—Cracked Corn and Oats, Bran, &c., a specialty.

Bolted Meal, same price as unbolted.

THE PLACE to get your Wool Carded or Cotton Ginned. JAS. D. McNEILL.

Fayetteville, May 28, 1885. 120-tf

COAL! COAL!

25 Tons of ANTHRACITE COAL on the yard at

McMILLAN BROS.

Oct. 22 1f

THOS. M. HUNTER, D. D. S.

OFFERS HIS PROFESsional services to the citizens of Fayetteville and surrounding country.

☞ Office North-east corner Market Square.

April 29, 1880. 2-tf

THE LARGEST SEED HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.
ALL KINDS OF
SEEDS AND PLANTS
Send for New Illustrated Catalogue for 1886, and prices of Field Seeds. Mailed FREE.
T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Wholesale and Retail Seedsman, Richmond, Va.

Jan. 14 3m

A BARGAIN.

PAPERS BY THE HUNDRED FOR SALE at the office of the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE at a low price. This will be found very cheap wrapping and waste paper for laying down carpets, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WALTER WATSON,
RAY'S CORNER, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Notice! Notice! Notice!
—TO—
Carpenters, Bricklayers, Mill Wrights, Blacksmiths, Plasterers, Stonemasons, and Turpentine Operators:

A FULL LINE OF THE VERY BEST
TOOLS
—CAN BE FOUND AT THE—
HARDWARE STORE
—OF—
WALTER WATSON,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
EDGE TOOLS,
GUNS, RIFLES, &C., &C.

—AGENT FOR—
Laflin & Rand's Celebrated ORANGE and other brands of
Sporting Powder.
☞ Orders filled direct from magazine.

—AGENT FOR—
Fairbanks Scales.
At Factory Prices.

A FULL STOCK OF
ENGLISH CAST STEEL,
PLOW IRON AND STEEL,
TIRE BAND AND SHEET IRON,
HORSE AND MULE SHOES,
HORSE SHOE NAILS,
CUT AND WROUGHT NAILS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

I am still manufacturing
The Old-fashioned Wrought Plow.
☞ I am now to be found at Ray's corner, opposite my former store.
jan 21-tf WALTER WATSON.

CHAS. GLOVER'S HOTEL
(Formerly Proprietor of the Fayetteville Hotel.)
Is situated on corner of Hay and Railroad streets
IN A DELIGHTFULLY PLEASANT PORTION OF THE CITY,
and conveniently located for the traveling public.
The General Conduct of the House will be HOMELIKE.
Lunches, Meals, Hot Coffee and Tea Served on Arrival of Each Train.
dec 3-tf CHAS. GLOVER, Proprietor.

T. W. BROADFOOT & CO.
Successors to S. J. HINSDALE,
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—
PURE AND GENUINE
MEDICINES and CHEMICALS
PETROLEUM OIL AND LAMPS,
SPICES, FINE PERFUMERY,
TOOTH AND HAIR BRUSHES,
WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS,
OILS AND VARNISHES, SOAPS,
POTASH, STARCH, DYE STUFFS,
CHOICE GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.
We have just received a SECOND SUPPLY of
LANDRETH'S
New Crop Garden and Flower Seeds,
Always RELIABLE,
and are now ready to supply the demand with
Fertilizing Chemicals of all kinds.
feb 26-tf

A. MOORE,
Market Square and Green St.,
DEALER IN
Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars,
LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.
June 18, 1885. 123-tf

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Co.
CONDENSED TIME TABLE NO. 13.
To take effect at 5:00 A. M., Nov. 23, 1885.

TRAIN NORTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Bennettsville,		8:20 a. m.
Shoe Heel,	9:40 a. m.	9:50 a. m.
Fayetteville,	12:00 m.	12:25 p. m
Sanford,	2:15 p. m.	2:25 p. m
Ore Hill,	3:43 p. m.	
Liberty,	4:37 p. m.	
Greensboro,	6:00 p. m.	

Dinner at Fayetteville.

TRAIN SOUTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Greensboro,		9:50 a. m.
Liberty,		11:05 a. m.
Ore Hill,		12:00 m.
Sanford,	1:20 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
Fayetteville,	3:50 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Shoe Heel,	6:05 p. m.	6:15 p. m.
Bennettsville,	7:30 p. m.	

Dinner at Sanford.

Freight and Passenger Train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 4:30 p. m. and Fayetteville at 8 p. m.

Leaves Fayetteville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a. m., Shoe Heel at 10 a. m. and arrives at Bennettsville at 12 m.

Freight and Passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville daily at 8 a. m., (connecting at Sanford with Freight and Passenger Trains to Raleigh), leaves Sanford at 11:30 a. m. and arrives at Greensboro at 5:40 p. m.

Leaves Greensboro daily at 5 a. m., leaves Sanford at 11:15 a. m. and arrives at Fayetteville at 2:40 p. m.

JNO. M. ROSE,
General Passenger Agent.
W. M. S. DUNN, General Superintendent.
nov 26-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW
Crockery Store
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. D. BROWN & CO.,
NO. 8 HAY STREET, TWO DOORS FROM S. J. HINSDALE'S CORNER,

Invite attention to their large line of DECORATED and PLAIN
White French China TEA SETS and DINNER SETS
From the celebrated potteries of Chas. Field, Haviland & Co., Limoges, France. We exhibit a large assortment of
Bohemian Colored Glass Water Sets and Table Sets,
which is now so popular and stylish. We show a variety of
25 STYLES of DECORATED and PLAIN Chamber Sets.
We exhibit an immense stock of
Lamps and Lamp Fixtures:
Students' Lamps of every make, Parlor Lamps, Library Lamps, Hall Lamps, Reflector Lamps, Lanterns, etc.
We invite inspection of our stock of
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
Wall Paper with borders to match.
Window Shades, Shade Fixtures, Oil Cloth, Fancy Baskets, Table Mats, Door Mats, Willowware generally, Tinware, Agateware, Knives and Forks, Scissors, Shears, Pocket Knives, Iron, Britannia and Silver-plated Spoons and Forks, Feather Dusters and Counter Dusters, Brooms and Whisk Brooms.
☞ We have the upstairs of our store and warehouse packed with goods to meet the demands of wholesale buyers.
feb 25-tf J. D. BROWN & CO., Crockery and Glassware.

Notice!

I have opened out in my NEW STORE on HAY STREET a fine line of
GROCERIES,
FERTILIZERS
(of various brands),
Wagons, Wagon Harness, Plows, Castings and General Family Supplies,
which I offer to the trade AT LOWEST PRICES. I beg to call special attention to the merits of the
Tennessee Wagon and Dixie Boy Plow.
No better Wagon or turning Plow sold. I have just received a lot of 100 STONEWALL COTTON PLOWS, so popular with the trade. My goods are bought direct of first hands, and are offered at but a small margin above cost.
☞ I still continue my old stand on Gillespie street as heretofore. Call and examine my stock and prices before buying elsewhere.
feb 18-tf R. M. NIMOCKS.

THE ONLY INDESTRUCTIBLE
MONUMENT METAL!

ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY Indestructible
BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.
Over 500 Beautiful Designs.
Send for Price List & Circulars.
MANUFACTURED BY MONUMENTAL BRONZE COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
dec 24-tf J. B. STARR, Agent, Fayetteville, N. C.

THE FAYETTEVILLE SEWING MACHINE
—AND—
MUSIC HOUSE!
The Largest in the Town of Fayetteville.
If you wish a
Sewing Machine,
of any kind, call on us.
If you wish a
Piano or Fine Toned Cabinet Organ,
call on us.
Don't fail to give us a call when in town. Orders attended to promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
J. H. FARRAR, Manager.
Gillespie Street, Next to E. F. Moore.
July 23. 129 tf

BURNED OUT!
But Ready for Business Again!
MY FRIENDS can find me opposite the Post office. Roofing, Guttering, Roof Repairing and Painting done at short notice. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, and all kinds of Stoves repaired as cheap as the cheapest.
☞ 17 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
jan 21-tf A. E. BRAMBLE.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE FROM J. W. Welsh and wife, registered in Book D, No. 4, pages 382, 383, 384 and 385, the undersigned will, on Monday, March 29, 1886, at 12 o'clock m., at the Market House in Fayetteville, sell to the highest bidder at public auction, the following
Valuable Town Lots:
Lot No. 1. Adjoining the "Novelty Works" bounded by Franklin, Maxwell and Mumford streets whereon the workshops and other buildings belonging to J. W. Welsh's wagon-making business are situated.
Lot No. 2. On Mumford street, adjoining the lot of the late Peter P. Johnson, known as the "Bowling Alley" lot, now used for warehouse purposes.
Lot No. 3. Lying in front of the "Bowling Alley" lot and fronting on the Bowling Alley street 132 feet and running back 48 feet. On this lot a dwelling house and kitchen are situated.
Terms of sale—CASH.
WALTER WATSON, Mortgagee.
By W. A. GUTHRIE, Atty.
February 18, 1886.